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The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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WAS ROMAN BRITAIN A SUCCESS?

See
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Nine

A LITTLE CAPTAIN GOES TO WAR

20th Century Tragic Drama From Life

CHARACTERS

Little Captain ... Mitsui, a Japanese student now in Tokyo.

Chang and Kim ... Two Chinese students.

Link ... Professor Link, Dean of Arts at Tennessee University, tutor of all three.

Mitsui has written this letter, dated Tokyo, July 15, 1937, to his old teacher.

WRITING this I do now in great and lamentable haste for the fear is that soon no letters will go out. War has no respect for the things of the heart, and here is war, and here soon one small unwilling captain of infantry will wake from a night of rest and look around to discover that he no longer is honoured by the friendship of his great friend and teacher in America.

For war enters into the heart where it is not welcome and makes a strange chemistry; and my American friend, who once said he had a great love for one small Japanese scholar, will think only of many small captains of infantry making many unpopular battles.

He will hold on to the last and say all men are brothers and that he still thinks the same thoughts and loves the same poetry and speaks the same languages with his former Japanese brother; but he will remember these things better of Chang and Kim than he will remember them of Mitsui. For Chang and Kim will be in the war on the side where the heart leans and Mitsui will be on the side that the heart is turned against. And he will forget that not a thousand Mitsuis can make a war or stop a war. . . .

Once upon a time, so long a time it seems, Link wrote in Mitsui's book English translation of a poem, because Mitsui showed him a scroll with a painting of long green plains that led to Fuji. This is written in the heart as war approaches. It says:

*All that comes to pass
Of the Warrior's proud dream
Is this summer grass.*

Because the scroll is beautiful and because it has memories in it of the happy years in America, it is now enclosed as a parting souvenir of Mitsui, who will fall in battle with a bullet from Chang or from Kim in his heart. Please to some day inform these brothers that their bullets entered Mitsui's heart only to find there love and brotherhood and a great sorrow.

Here is the death song of Mitsui:

*These grasses that bent
Underfoot will lean as soft
Over the cleft skull;
And in the deep roots will drain
Love and peace that filled the brain.* MITSUI

Byron on a Rock

LORD BYRON having died in seeking freedom for Greece, his name and fame are more honoured on the Continent than in his native land; that is to say, he is more regarded as a soldier-adventurer than as a poet. Portugal is the latest European country to honour him; it proposes to cut the poet's portrait on one of its rocks so that it can be seen for miles.

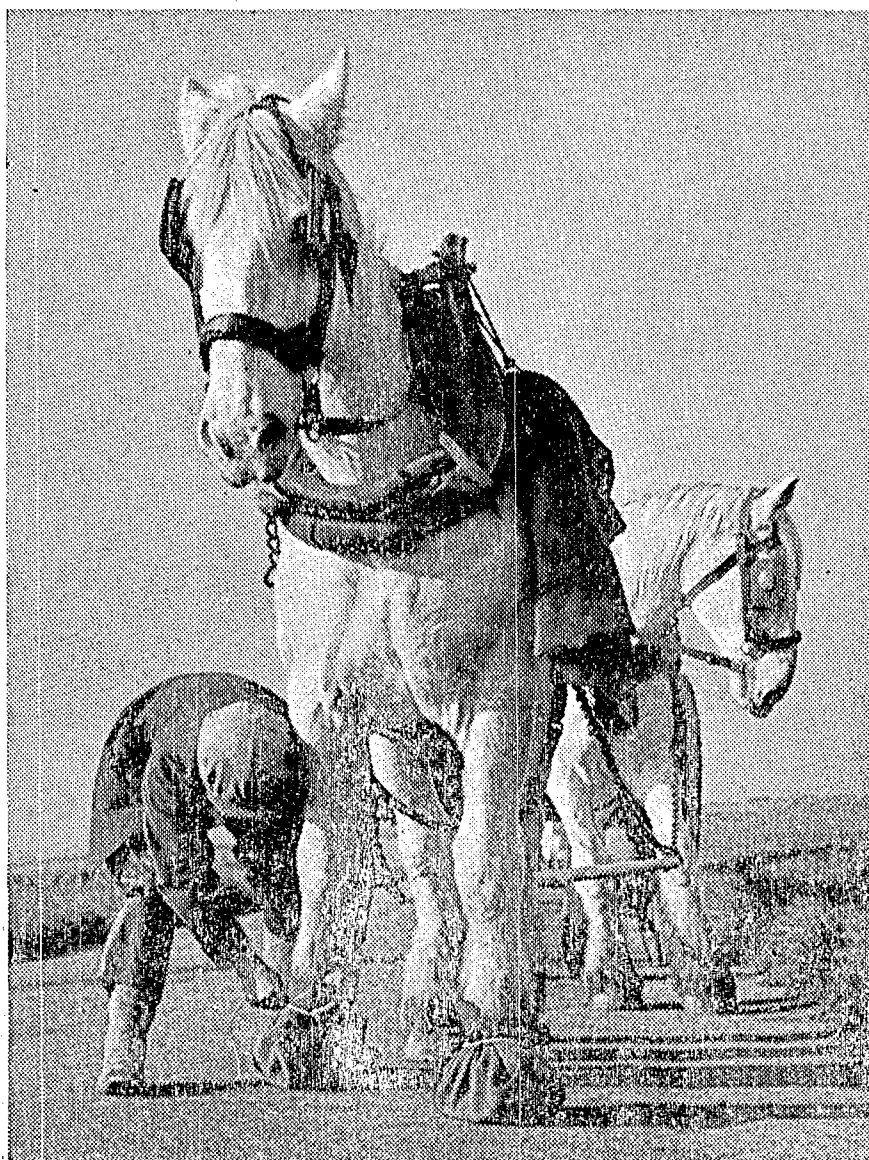
In Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Byron presents a notable picture of Portugal, whose beauties roused him to ecstasy and its crimes to fury. "Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden," he cries; but he tells how the rocky way leading to it was marked by crosses rudely carved on the graves of those who had been murdered on its heights.

Portugal in the days of Byron's visit was as Spain today, with even worse features. It had been a cockpit of war

from which the invading forces of Napoleon were withdrawn; but a chaos of frightful lawlessness remained, and Byron was shocked to find assassination common in the streets of Lisbon.

Englishmen were daily butchered, and, so far from redress being obtained, the English were requested not to interfere if they perceived any compatriot defending himself. "I was once stopped (Byron wrote) on the way to the theatre at eight in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend; had we not fortunately been armed I have not the least doubt that we should have 'adorned a tale' instead of telling one."

So, in honouring a poet who sang of her natural glories, Portugal acclaims one of the frankest of her critics in the bad days of old.



MAKESHIFT SHOES FOR USE ON FROSTY ROADS

A SURPRISE ABOUT LIFE

Found in the World's Highest Lake

UNWRITTEN history seems to have repeated itself in part of South America. How came fish and seals and sponges into that inland Siberian sea, Lake Baikal? And how came the life that has now been newly found in the freshwater mountain lake, Titicaca, 120 miles long and 40 miles wide and 12,500 feet up in the heights bordering Bolivia and Peru?

A brilliantly successful expedition carried out by scientists from Cambridge University, backed by the British Museum, has discovered that up in this isolated lake are wonders of fish and shellfish life, their presence in such astonishing surroundings being beyond comprehension. The only explanation appears to be that the lake was raised, with the life in it, when the mountains were raised up in geological times.

Lake Baikal may at some distant day in the geological past have been connected with the Arctic Ocean, but it is now more remote from the sea than Titicaca from the plains. It receives

300 streams and rivers, and one river, the Lower Angara, flows from it; and Baikal, 386 miles long and from 20 to 50 wide, covering an area practically equal to Holland, is one of the marvels of Asia.

It is a freshwater lake, yet it resembles a sea. Seals should emigrate to the sea, but the seals of Lake Baikal never leave its waters. It has sturgeon, a unique trout, and another member of the salmon family, the omul; it has one fish peculiar to itself, the golomyinka, from which oil is extracted. It has sponges and shellfish, and creatures which imitate the habits of fish haunting the deep abysses of the ocean; not a difficult matter seeing that this lake has a depth in places of over 5000 feet, though it lies some 1500 feet above sea-level.

Titicaca and Baikal seem twin marvels with their living families. Lake Baikal might be explained on the assumption that it once linked up completely with the ocean, but the secret of Lake Titicaca is at present beyond understanding.

CHINA'S DEBTS TO THE WORLD

What Will Japan Do?

BRITISH POWER AND CHINESE CUSTOMS

America, France, and our own country have been warning the Japanese Government that they would regard with great concern any injury to the Chinese Maritime Customs.

The capture of Shanghai by the Japanese has brought this matter to the front of international politics in the Far East, for Shanghai is the commercial capital of China and half China's imports and over a third of her exports pass through the city.

A Valuable Service

The Customs duties paid on goods entering China are the main source of the national revenue; and they are of supreme importance to our own and other countries because the first charge on them is the payment for loans made to China by foreign Governments and individuals. Indemnities due from China to the Powers are also secured on the Customs, and it may be claimed that it was the fact that China had to pay an indemnity in the middle of last century which led to her growth of prosperity from that time.

It was arranged that the collection of the dues was to be placed under British control, and that great organising genius Sir Robert Hart so transformed the service that there was money and enough to pay all China owed abroad and to light the coasts and rivers, establish the Post Office, and start many another civilising service in that backward country.

The Maritime Customs are now under the control of a British Inspector-General and are worked by about 1000 Europeans and 8000 Chinese. The receipts in 1935 were about £23,300,000. At the beginning of that year Government loans to China were about 49 million pounds by Britain, 9 millions by America, and smaller sums by Japan and France; railway loans included 16 million British pounds.

Our Chinese Investments

Japan has her share in the revenue from these Customs, and has hitherto recognised the efficient way in which their collection has been made under British control. The anxiety is what will happen now that Japan has won the day at Shanghai. At Tientsin, the great port in North China, Japan made due provision for the foreign debt service when she took over the Customs earlier this year.

It is not probable, therefore, that Japan will refuse to allow the payments to foreign Governments and others, but there is genuine anxiety that she may wish to take the organisation into her own hands. For the British to surrender it after all that they have done for China would be a bitter blow, and would be regarded in the Far East as the end of British influence.

No other country has done so much to develop China, and a recent estimate gives £250,000,000 as the total of our investments in that country, 37 per cent of all foreign investments there.

Two Racoons

For the second time in two years a raccoon has been seen at large in Yorkshire.

A few weeks ago two men shooting over their own land, high cliff-top fields near Filey, saw the handsome animal, but lost sight of it. They thought it was a fox till they got near to it, and only identified it by its ringed tail.

Early last year the other raccoon was caught in a trap at Muston, near Filey, and unfortunately killed.

THE AMERICAN DEPRESSION

Mr Roosevelt Acts

It is clear that President Roosevelt has no intention of allowing the American depression to go unchecked.

He is announcing a series of measures designed to give fresh heart to business men and to stimulate the use of capital to employ labour. The measures include reform of taxation to encourage industry by removing grievances; a big housing programme involving about £3000,000,000 in five years; and the pushing forward of Government spending on needed works, said to mean £50,000,000 worth of orders. Further reforms are expected and are needed. It is not too much to say that the whole world is anxious to know what else America proposes. Here in Britain the business links with the USA are so strong that American troubles are immediately reflected in our markets.

The British Empire and the United States between them have a population of nearly 600 million people, and what they do is very important to the whole world. The United States is the biggest industrial factor because her natural wealth is so great. We note with amazement that hundreds of thousands of American steel workers are now working only 20 hours a week, though America needs all the steel she can produce.

The Clocks That Do Not Tell the Time

Guildford Corporation is taking strong steps with public clocks.

They are promoting a Bill to make them punctual by Act of Parliament. This cannot be done with people, but public clocks which are wrong are public enemies in Class One.

For years the C.N. never ceased to reproach the Mad Clock in Pall Mall which was fixed in no policy except that of remaining with all its hands wrong, and its two faces fixed at different times, both wrong. Now it has gone.

With the clocks with which the Guildford Corporation hopes to deal it is different. They are the clocks that are wrong by a minute or two, and, where two or three of them are gathered together in the same street, flatly contradict one another. These are the clocks which make us miss our train, or otherwise cause us to burst ourselves in the unnecessary strain of catching it.

Away with them! But before they are put right let the owners be fined for exposing them while they are wrong. A £5 penalty is not too much.

Rip Van Winkle in the Post

A postcard which lately arrived at Bridlington proved a very Rip Van Winkle. It found itself in a new world.

The firm which sent it 22 years ago, with a request for cement to be delivered at once, no longer wants the cement, for it has gone out of business.

When the card started on its ten-mile journey from Filey a halfpenny stamp was the charge; but when it got to Bridlington the charge for postcards had gone up to a penny, so that the firm receiving it found that a surcharge of a penny had to be paid on it.

In its new world the postcard found that its senders had gone, and the charge for travel had doubled. It had been travelling like an Einstein postcard, through both space and time.

It did not, however, have to suffer for the increased cost of living. The firm receiving it, which had been charged the extra penny, received the surcharge back from an apologetic Post Office.

A CITY AND A HERO

Madras Takes a Statue Down

THE COURAGE OF GENERAL NEILL

By order of the new Congress Government of Madras, so recently set up by Great Britain, the statue of a British hero disappears from the main street of the city.

General James George Neill was the hero, and his statue has stood in the main street for nearly eighty years. Old Anglo-Indians will remember him as one who held the pass in the dark days of the Mutiny, and fell fighting when the last hours of the rising were approaching.

With Havelock at Lucknow

He was with Havelock at the relief of Lucknow. The advance began on September 19. On the 23rd Neill's horse was wounded under him while he rode at the head of his Madras fusiliers waving them on, helmet in hand. Two days later, still at the head of his men, he charged the enemy's guns and captured them, and survived only to be shot down from the top of a house while about to enter the city. His men carried his body into the city, where he was buried the next day, but it was not for what he had done at Madras that his statue was set up there; it was for what he had done throughout the Mutiny's months of desperate struggle, its hours of despair, its never-yielding courage.

Horrors Now Forgotten

Neill had saved Allahabad, where the revolt had flared into a blaze. He marched from there to Cawnpore in five days. Cawnpore, with its brutal massacre of women and children by Nana Sahib, is one of the blackest chapters in the story of the Mutiny, and Neill avenged it.

All this was eighty years ago. In England the horrors are nearly forgotten except by a few Anglo-Indians, one of whom, an old lady we talked with only a few years ago, had been at the Relief of Lucknow. But for a generation and more they were present in the minds of most British people, and darkened our relations with British India.

In the earliest of those days of recollection the name and fame of General Neill stood high. He had spent much of his life in India before he served, and served well, in the Crimea, and he returned to India to find himself in the thick of the new situation, the unforeseen Mutiny.

What he did there the British people were swift to recognise. "A self-reliant soldier, ready of resource, and stout of heart," the Prime Minister called him; his brigade loved him; the people at home saw that he had leapt into the breach at the beginning of the revolt in the nick of time. He was a hero.

The Statue That Remains

That was why his statue was set up in Madras, and another was subscribed for by the Scottish people and set up in Wellington Square at Ayr where Neill was born. The one at Ayr remains, for the Scottish people have long memories, but the statue at Madras has been removed by people whose memory is of the wrong kind. But place for the old soldier is to be found elsewhere, and perhaps he would have been the last to worry. There were lines written about another British soldier, Sir John Moore, which seem to fit the occasion.

*Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.*

The difference is that one of the finest tributes to Sir John Moore was inscribed by order of the Spanish people on the ramparts of Corunna, while this poor spirit which pulls down a statue is displayed by those who have received untold blessings from the hero's country.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The 14th-century chapel of All-hallows School, Honiton, Devon, is to be taken down stone by stone and set up 14 miles away when the school is removed to Rousdon House, on the coast.

To help the fishing industry sausages made from shrimps are being distributed among the poor in Germany this winter.

There is to be a "fly-over" at the Maidenhead-Slough crossing of the Great West Road.

Over 100 Acts of Parliament affecting health have been passed in our own country in the last 25 years.

Under the last home of Sir Edward Elgar at Hampstead workmen have discovered a Roman mosaic floor.

In Moscow vegetables instead of vodka are to be sold in beer halls and publichouses, and alcohol is no longer allowed in restaurants near schools and factories.

Over 10,000 people are working in Letchworth factories to produce more than 100 types of goods.

Germany has spent £500,000 on tracks for cyclists in the past year.

Bexley Heath Boy Scouts have now given a hundred blood transfusions.

A Real Step Toward Peace

The visit of Lord Halifax to Germany and the conference which promptly followed in London between the chief Ministers of France and this country have definitely brought nearer a peaceful solution of world problems. France and Britain have agreed to study the colonial claims of Germany with a view to their settlement by consent, and they have agreed that the interests of both lay in a peaceful settlement also of the grave problems of Central and Eastern Europe which the French Foreign Minister was about to visit.

These meetings, it is hoped, are the first of a series in which other nations will take part with peace as a definite aim.

THINGS SEEN

A goose proudly carrying a toy water-can at the head of her flock.

A keeper at Whipsnade sitting calmly reading with three hungry tiger cubs growling round him.

Two blue chrysanthemums at a flower show in Buxton.

THINGS SAID

It is our fixed policy to resist to the last inch and the last man.

China's Prime Minister

... a love which grows with the years, which carries us to a stage where we feel we cannot tear ourselves away.

The Swedish Minister in London, on the love of England

The true Beauty Parlour is the Arch of Heaven, and true cosmetics are the Wind, Sun, Rain, and Open Air.

Bishop of Ely

Most of the people engaged in the film industry are crazy.

Captain P. D. Macdonald, M.P.

I sometimes go into the Art Gallery on a Sunday afternoon; in three hours we get sometimes 4000 people.

Mr. Kaines Smith, Keeper of Birmingham Art Gallery

Last year the Building Society movement lent £140,000,000 to home buyers.

Sir Enoch Hill

The Bible has disappeared from the churches; often the only one is on the lectern.

Archdeacon of Warrington

The other day a man bought a car for £5 and managed to kill two people and wound five others.

Lord Newton in Parliament

The State has had to make 7000 prosecutions against the Church since 1933. Herr Kerrl, German Minister for Church affairs

THE KING ON A CORNISH HILLTOP

The Fine Old Town of Launceston

A CHURCH UNIQUE IN ENGLAND

Launceston, which for weeks has been preparing for the first visit of an English sovereign since Charles Stuart was there, and has now welcomed King George with such enthusiasm, is one of the most fascinating hilltop towns in England, and is held by many travellers to be the most attractive town in Cornwall.

The King has visited 17 places in Cornwall, seeing tenants of the Duchy and receiving from them curious tributes, in return for which he handed to each tenant a white rod. Among the things presented to the King as rents were a pound of pepper, a grey cloak, two greyhounds, a pair of white gloves, a pound of aromatic seeds, and a hundred shillings, all these being presented to His Majesty at the ruined castle.

Where George Fox Lay Captive

From the great height of the round castle keep we can look across Cornwall into Devon. The grounds are charmingly laid out within the old walls, the very walls within which George Fox lay captive for six months for giving tracts away. In a room over the old town gateway across a street we have swung on its hinges the old door through which Fox walked to his cell; we turned the key in the very lock that made him prisoner. All about us here are fragments of what was once the richest priory in Cornwall, and among an odd little collection of all sorts is a grim man-trap in which they caught the last sheepstealer hanged at the castle. We may see crumbs of bread made for Napoleon's prisoners in Dartmoor, a curious document printed on paper made from the web of the Sacred Spider of Hong-Kong; but best of all are the six great volumes built up by the devotion of a lifetime by Mr Wise the chemist, who was about 90 when he died not long ago, having rung the church bells on his last birthday. In these huge volumes are preserved 1650 grasses and flowers gathered by Mr Wise in Cornwall and Devon, a herbarium for which both counties and many generations must be thankful.

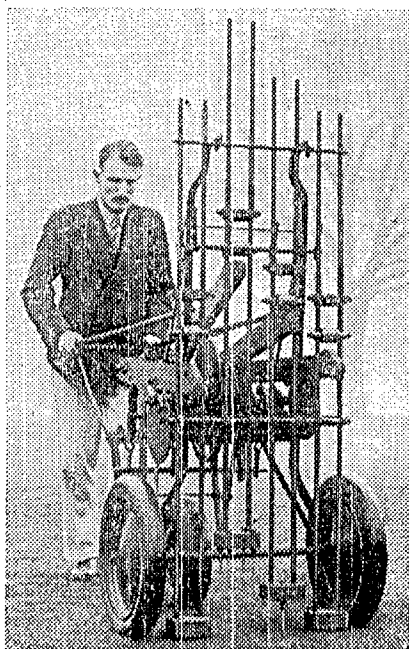
Wonderful Carvings in Granite

The famous church of Launceston is an astonishing structure, for its outside walls are sculptured everywhere; we know no other walls like them. We owe them to Sir Henry Trecarrel, who was building a house 400 years ago when his wife died suddenly, and, too sorrowful to complete the house, he gave its material for the church.

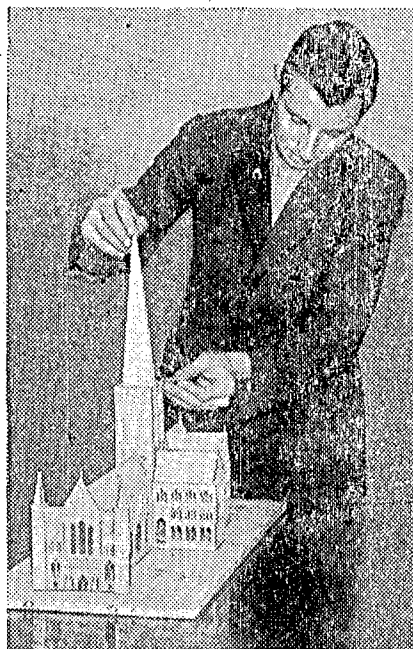
Its remarkable mass carving is here after all these years because it is cut in granite. These walls withstood the winds which blew the Spanish Armada to pieces, and long before that winds and rains were beating on them, yet everything is clear to see. Inside as out this church is a marvel of craftsmanship. Its roof was carved by one man; more than half a mile of carved oak he did for it, covered with ferns, foliage, and heads. There are 162 angels and saints at the end of his cross-beams, and he carved about 400 bosses.

Down the steep streets by the river is the old church of St Thomas, with a fine old door swinging on 600-year-old hinges, a Norman tympanum above it. Through a gate in the churchyard are the ruins of the priory, where we can stand on the steps of the old bell-tower and see the castle. Here is the grave of a prior who saw the 14th century out and the 15th century in; here is the doorway he went through.

News in Pictures

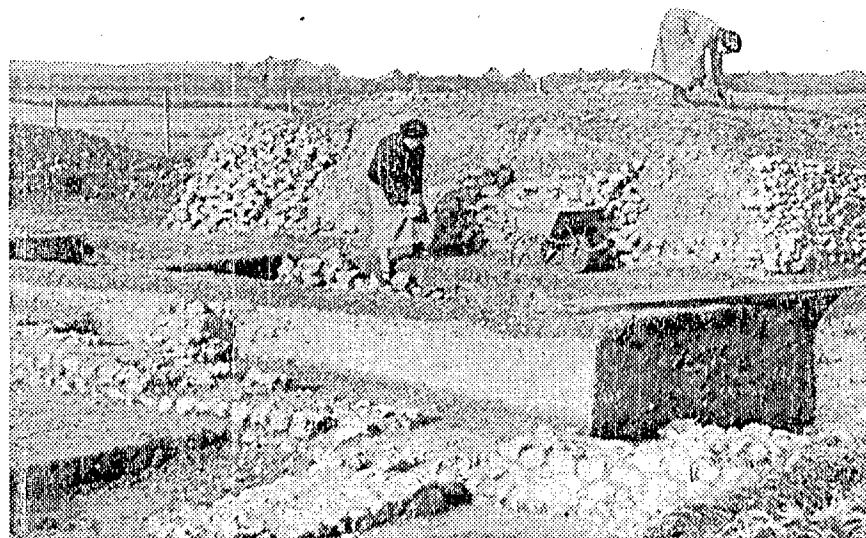
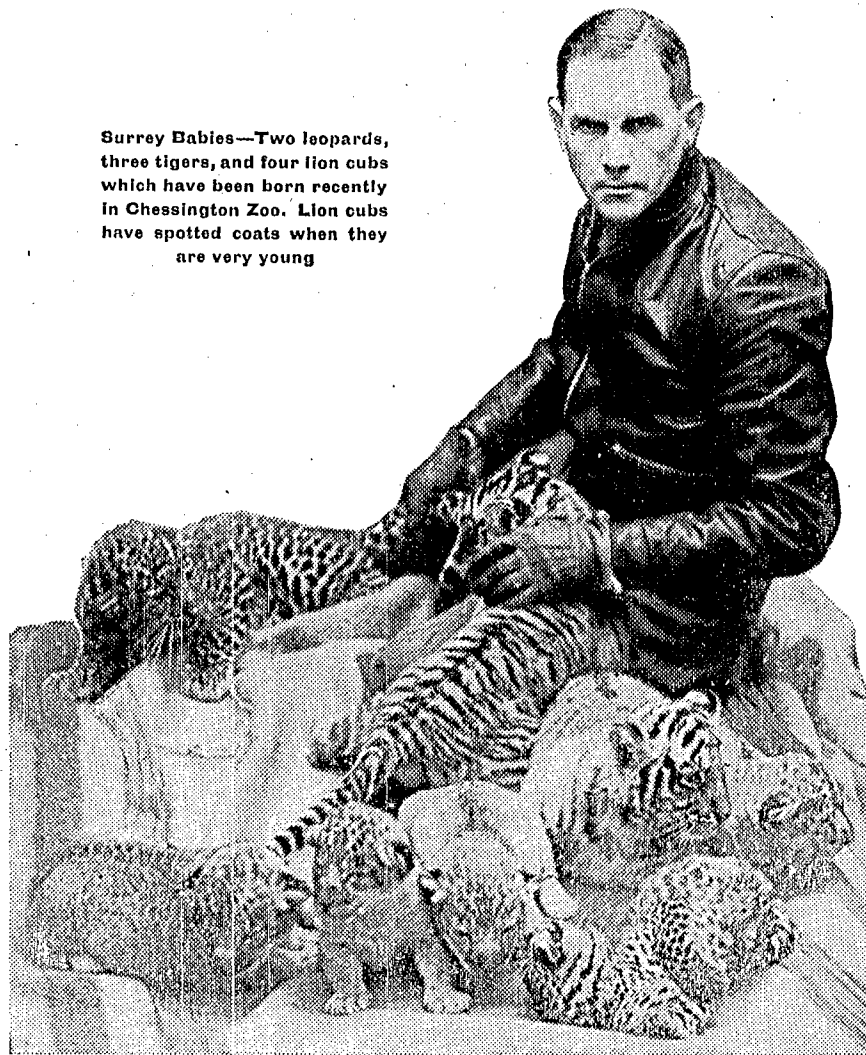


New Turf Machine—This odd-looking contraption has been designed to make holes in turf to aerate the grass



Miniature Cathedral—Mr George Ragless of Winchester has made this model of Salisbury Cathedral, chiefly with a razor blade

Surrey Babies—Two leopards, three tigers, and four lion cubs which have been born recently in Chessington Zoo. Lion cubs have spotted coats when they are very young



Roman Villa—At work on excavations at Angmering, on the Sussex coast

DO BIRDS BRING GERMS?

No Evidence Against Them

THE PESTILENCE THAT STALKS IN DARKNESS

The problem whether birds that come from the Continent to winter with us bring foot-and-mouth disease with them is still being discussed, and it has been suggested that sea-gulls may carry with them the organism of typhoid fever.

One of our grown-up readers, newly returned from Guernsey, reminds us that European starlings have been arriving in myriads there, as they have in Ireland, yet foot-and-mouth disease is unknown there. One attack of the malady would clear Guernsey of its famous herds, but they have never had the disease. Their explanation of immunity is "Cattle come out of Guernsey, but cattle never enter."

There is always a tendency in such a crisis to blame birds and animals. As C N readers know, our ancestors slew all the cats in London when rats were bringing plague to London. A superstition hardly more fantastic led to a general slaughter of cattle, and the consequent starvation of hundreds of thousands of natives, in South Africa during last century.

Acquitted

Whenever complaints against our birds have been investigated in respect of other charges the results have almost invariably been to acquit the birds of all blame.

So far there is no evidence at all against the birds of bringing foot-and-mouth disease. The charge is that they may carry germs in the little loads of soil and seeds from the places where they have nested and spent the summer. Balls of earth containing seeds adhere to their feet. From one such ball, which had been kept for three years, 82 plants germinated when the clod was moistened and placed under a bell-glass, one of them being an oat and one a grass. We know that mistletoe is spread from tree to tree by the beaks of thrushes, and it is practically certain that the eggs of fishes, adhering to a bird that dines on them in a shallow stream or pond, are carried by a similar agency to other streams and ponds, so accounting for fish in places where fish were known not to have existed before.

But the carriage of germs by birds is quite another matter, and one which awaits investigation.

Germany's Navy

As we see printed a long list of ships of the German Navy it is right to point out that Germany has in no way departed from her agreement not to construct a navy greater than 35 tons for every 100 tons built by Great Britain.

The German Navy at present is well within the agreement; she does not possess 35 tons for every 100 British. As we are making such a big increase in our navy, Germany has the Treaty right to increase her navy in proportion, but at present there is no sign of her making any special effort to do so.

It is strange that the small proportions of the German fleet are not mentioned by those who talk so much of war. Germany has no power to fight Britain at sea, or to move troops by sea, or to invade the Britains over the seas.

The Royal Commission is to inquire into the possibility of closer cooperation between the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland.

The B B C is starting a mobile unit for television purposes; it will transmit pictures back to Alexandra Palace.

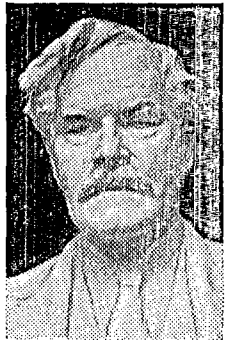
AMONG HIS OWN FOLK

A Village Boy Goes Home Again

*Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea.*

In Spynie's still kirkyard, by Lossiemouth, all that was mortal of Ramsay MacDonald rests by the side of the wife he lost and loved so long.

On the building of the League of Nations his sculptured head has been placed as a reminder that his soul goes marching on.



Bust on the League of Nations Building

He sleeps at Lossiemouth among his own people, his dust one with the countryside where he was born, and where he dreamed a boy's long dreams of a future which would uplift

him above the heads of men.

He could have lain in the Abbey, but preferred to go back to the side of the woman who shared his struggles but did not see his fame.

His dour, determined head portrayed above the League's home is the recognition of the inflexible spirit with which he held fast to his ideal of peace among nations, and a sign of the belief, proved in his own career, that such a cause can never die.

He was ever a fighter, and when the secret of his rise from poverty to the splendour of power is sought it will be found in his supreme self-confidence, his courage, and his sincerity. His fighting spirit masked his deep sincerity, but it was there.

The Friends of Long Ago

One who knew him well in the days when he was an ill-paid journalist, living in shabby lodgings in Gray's Inn Road, and who met him for the last time in Downing Street when he was Prime Minister, can bear witness that these qualities never left him. At that last meeting he said rather sadly that there were no Aarons in politics, meaning that there was none to uplift the wearied arms of a leader. He added, with the only touch of bitterness we ever heard from him, that if he should ever write his autobiography he would dedicate it to his best friend, himself.

So it might have seemed that when his wife had gone he was oftenest a lonely man; but that we cannot believe, for the lonely people are those who have nothing to give for others, and he gave freely the best he had. He never forgot the humblest or the least successful of his friends.

That might be graven on his tomb, where his humble friends of Lossiemouth would know its truth.

Protecting the Family

There appears to be some hope of a Bill being passed through Parliament for the protection of families for whom a father has failed to make due provision.

It may often happen that a will provides for the disposal of an estate in a way which seems harsh, disinheriting a widow and children, and three times the House of Commons has shown its willingness to prevent injustices arising from cases of this kind.

A private Bill for dealing with the matter is now before the House of Commons, and the Government has made it known that it believes the measure can be made so workable that the Government could support it.

ROUND THE CLOCK AT THE POLE

How the Russian Scientists Pass the Time

SIGNS of cracking have been heard on the ice-floe of the Russian scientists in the Arctic.

Their observation station was established last May near the North Pole and it has drifted close to the coast of Greenland.

Ernest Krenkel, the wireless operator, has been broadcasting a description of how the four men spend their time on the drifting ice. We give some extracts from his message, which was sent shortly before the sun disappeared for three months from the Arctic sky:

We all have different hours for scientific observations and work during the day, so that we sleep at different times, but we all gather together for dinner at three p.m. I am night watchman, from midnight until six. At ten to six I waken Fedorov for the first meteorological observations. He is soon on his knees in front of the apparatus, compiling the regular reports. The book with the cipher has been worn out by use, but we know by heart the symbols for such ordinary phenomena as fog, snow, or intense cloudiness. At 6.15 Rudolf Island calls for the weather report in a thin voice. The key of the transmitter clicks in its usual way, and the apparatus drones in its even bass. Violating all regulations of the radio service, the Rudolf Island radio operator and I exchange news and tell each other what we have heard over the radio.

By that time Fedorov has prepared tea and fried a mountain of sausages. We have our tea in the tent we live in; otherwise the cold makes the butter, caviare, and cheese difficult to eat. We dip our rusks in our tea so that our energetic crunching won't waken Papanin, who, as he himself says, sleeps like a rabbit.

The Chocolate Bait

After breakfast Fedorov goes into his office, built of ice, digs into books, tables, maps, and does calculations. It is a blissful moment for me, for I creep into my sleeping bag. At nine o'clock Papanin and Shirshov get up; neither of them is bound by rigid time-tables, so they can indulge themselves in their bags. To make himself get up quickly Shirshov has hung a bar of chocolate above his head. The one who wakes him starts the stop-watch at the same time. If Shirshov's feet do not touch the

floor within five minutes the chocolate changes ownership.

As I wake, and before I have time to open my eyes, I hear Papanin moving about. His soldering torches drone and tin rattles as he makes trays of all shapes and sizes. The fuel, the supply bases, the lamps, all alterations, form the round of Papanin's tireless work. Even when the icebreaker steams toward our ice-floe Papanin will, no doubt, still be fussing about the household, giving a last hasty wipe to the lamp chimney.

For days at a time Shirshov disappears into his tent above the hole in the ice. His hands blue from the icy water, he compiles interesting data on his observations.

It is hard to heat the frozen porridge and soup and at the same time keep them from burning. There are two basic demands we make in regard to our food: it must be as hot as possible, and must be prepared with the least expenditure of kerosene.

Inspecting the Camp

Our evening tea, about ten o'clock, is very cosy. Fedorov is already asleep, so only three of us have tea. There is a set of earphones at the head of each bunk. At halfpast eleven we always listen in to Moscow, which comes through very clearly. I leave to make my regular meteorological observations. The frost is biting under the clear sky. The quiet light of the moon and the sparkling stars are pleasant to behold. The horizon is hidden by the mist; there is no wind.

I inspect the camp every hour, and distinguish the familiar blocks of ice in the dark. The antennae hang like a thick rope, covered with an incredibly heavy coat of hoar-frost. Our dog whines in his sleep—he must be having a bad dream. There is a tense silence all about; now and again the ice cracks somewhere. All things seem to be frozen; and the plumb-line dropped into the water at five o'clock in the morning will again show a considerable drift of our ice-floe to the south, despite the absence of wind.

At halfpast five comes a stirring march from Moscow. I am horrified as I hear the Keep-Fit Director give out the signal "Open your window." We compromise on the cold-water rub-down recommended by an internal wash-down of hot tea.

BURNING THE FLAGS

Brazil's Green, Yellow, and Blue

THE Roman Dictator burnt his boats; President Vargas of Brazil has made a bonfire of Brazilian flags on Flag Day.

From now onwards there will be only one flag in Brazil, a national flag to signify that Brazil is one of those new States which owe allegiance to none but themselves. Like some of the other States of that kind, which are named totalitarian, Brazil and its re-established President began the new era by denouncing the Communists. The flags that had to be burnt were those of Communist and similar parties; but to show that there was no partiality the Fascist flags went into the same bonfire.

Nevertheless there is an uneasy feeling on the other side of the Atlantic that Brazil's national flag, which is to replace all others, will have a Fascist tinge. In the United States the Monroe Doctrine, which declared as long ago as 1823 that America was to be considered independent of European interference, has ever since been the foundation of the hope and expectation that both Americas would become united under a Pan-American pact.

That hope has inspired much of President Roosevelt's recent policy, and the other side of the hope is the fear expressed in his warning that in the future neither of the Americas could expect to be invulnerable from attack. A Brazil which had no mind to stand in with the United States, but which would turn its face to Europe for allies, is a possibility no American statesman could view with indifference.

The United States has stood out for more than a century against European entanglements, and a Brazilian entanglement would be a blaze worse than any burning of flags in the Brazilian backyard.

For the sake of the world's peace and prosperity it may be hoped that all such fears are unfounded, and that Brazil will remain a democratic country and a helpful neighbour to the most powerful of democracies. If Brazil, with all its vast territory and untapped resources, were to concern itself solely with developing them there would be no further need to burn Brazilian flags—or Brazilian coffee.

BETTER NEWS FROM DISTRESSED AREAS

Hope Springs Eternal

TRADES NEEDED WHERE COAL HAS FAILED

Sir George Gillett, Commissioner for the Distressed Areas, reports considerable improvement in those regions of distress.

Unemployment has fallen by 25 per cent in a year, and the greater part of the improvement is not due to the making of arms. But those still out of work number over 200,000. "All is not yet well with the areas," says the Commissioner, frankly.

He feels strongly that the areas need new industries and that the Government must in future have regard to the location of industry, both for social and defence reasons.

Men Over 45

He also urges that in future, for all public works undertaken, the Government should insist upon the employment of a reasonable proportion of men over 45, who are now so often discarded in favour of younger men.

This same point was recently made in a different way by the chairman of the Unemployment Commission. We cannot allow middle-aged men to be thrown away like a pair of worn gloves.

Sir George asks whether firms should be allowed to abandon districts and leave ruined works and lives behind them. That is a searching question. Does not a firm owe it to society to clear up its own debris?

In South Wales there are districts which urgently need new industries because coal can no longer support their populations. Jarrow has new hope in steel, helped by Lord Nuffield's Trust, and other new efforts are afoot.

Efforts in Scotland

Scotland has a Special Commissioner of its own, Sir David Allan Hay. Here too there has been a considerable reduction in unemployment, and there seem to be no such very dark spots as appear in the North of England and in Wales.

In December 1934, just before the appointment of the first Commissioner for Scotland, there was a total of 94,998 unemployed in the Scottish Distressed Areas. By June 1937 the number had dropped by nearly 39 per cent.

Sir David reports that "while all industries have shared in the improvement in the employment position, there are still over 8000 registered as unemployed in coal mining."

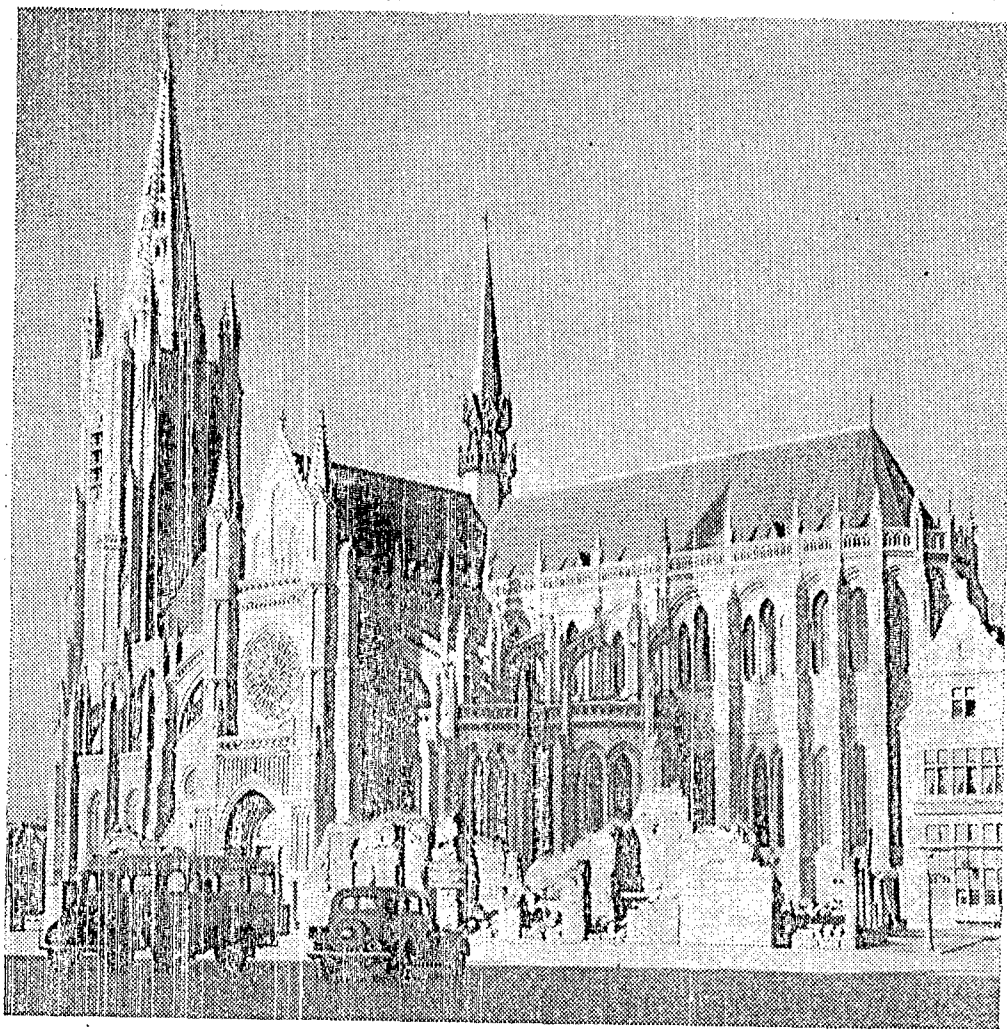
Both Commissions, it is clear, desire to see greater efforts made to establish new enterprises where coal has failed. That is the crux of the problem: to compensate these unfortunate areas for the shrinkage of the coal market.

General Smuts is an Optimist

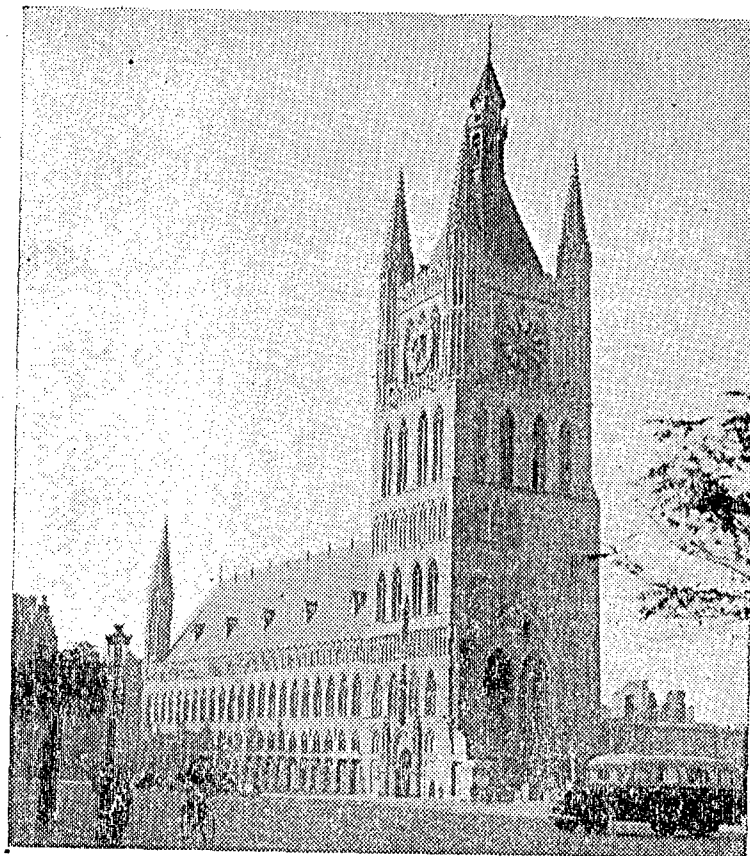
General Smuts is still an optimist; there is no need for any depression complex, at any rate in South Africa, he said the other day.

In South Africa (he went on) we have no political troubles, thank God! We have no reason to be confused by the winds that blow in other parts of the world. In all the turmoil the world is really all the time working back to stability and a condition of peace. It has been my feeling for a very long time that, although we see these troubles in many continents, there is no idea of war among the Great Powers. There is a slow, steady, and very strong undercurrent working in the right direction. To South Africans I say, "Look forward with boldness and confidence to the future."

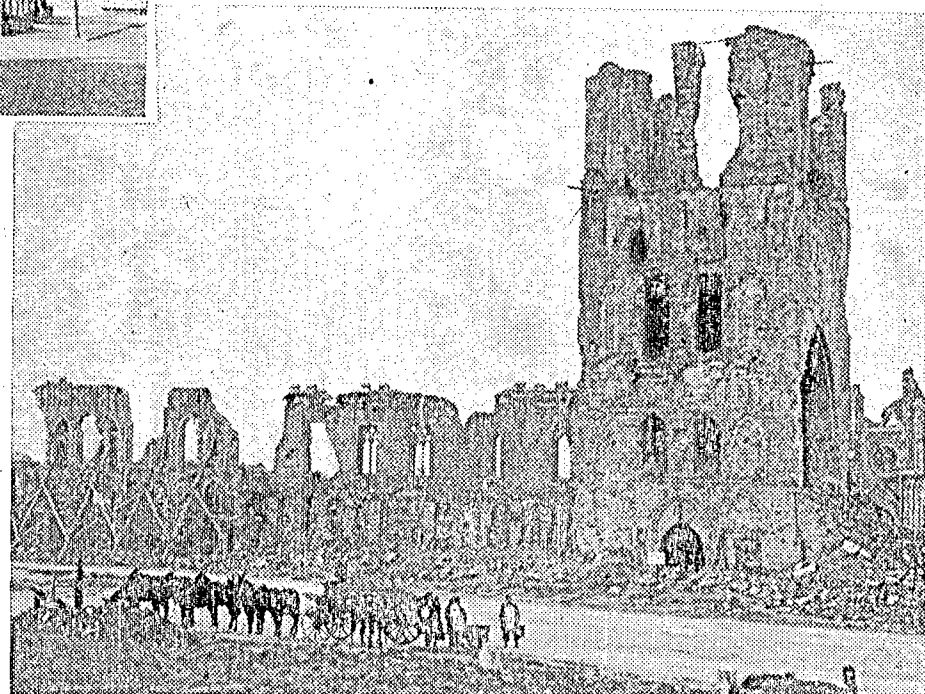
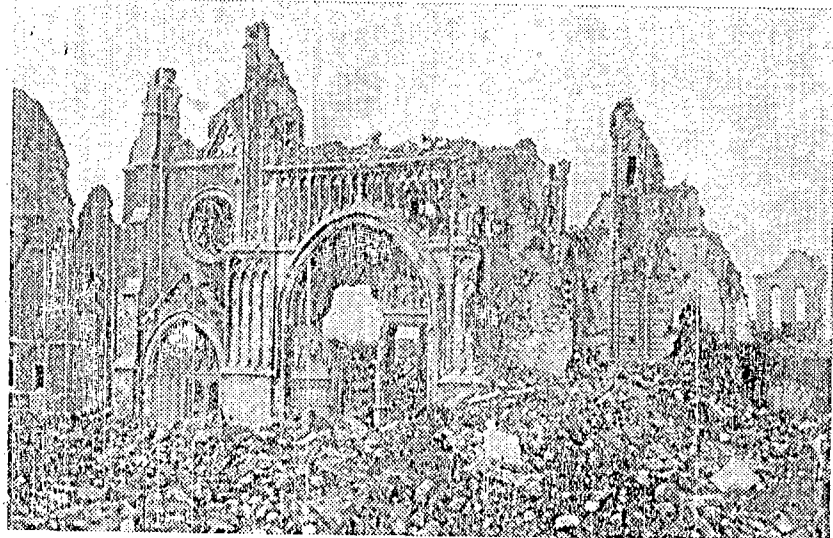
The New Ypres That Has Risen on the Ruins of the Old



The Cathedral as it is today and, below, as it was left by the war



The New Cloth Hall and, below, all that was left of the old



While scenes of devastation are being created in China and in Spain the scars of the last great war are being healed on the old battlefields of Belgium. The ancient Flemish city of Ypres, reduced to a mere heap of ruins in the cruel years of the war, has been restored so that its chief buildings, like the Cathedral and the Cloth Hall, closely resemble the original structures.

80,000 Parts in an Aeroplane THE HANDLEY PAGE

WE remember the afternoon when Mr Handley Page bundled 40 people at a moment's notice into a bombing plane made for Berlin, but not needed because the war came to an end.

It was the first time that anything like this number of people had been up in a plane, and it was Mr Handley Page's inspiration that sent up this plane with 40 people in it to ride a mile high over London, and bring them all down safely with a historic memory for the rest of their lives.

Since that afternoon the world of the aeroplane has expanded beyond all dreams, and Mr Handley Page has now been showing members of the Air Committee of the House of Commons round his works at Cricklewood. Wings and fuselages from here are delivered to the assembly sheds at Radlett as regularly as the post, and the eight-acre workshop is a wonderful sight. The building of an aeroplane, Mr Handley Page explained

to his visitors, is something like building the walls of a house, putting on the plaster and the wallpaper, hanging the pictures, and then bringing the walls together and locking them in position. But who will not be surprised by one thing he said?—that all this means the making and bringing together for one aeroplane of *eighty thousand parts*.

We do not wonder that between the birth of the idea of a new plane and its production in quantities the time that must pass is about three years.

The Door of the Car

A cyclist has suggested that cars should be provided with sliding doors. (Some of the new taxis have them). The idea is well worth thinking about, for the opening and closing of doors in busy streets is always attended with danger for pedestrians on the pavement, and for cyclists and other road users.

Who Was Annie Laurie? A LOVE STORY OF LONG AGO

*Maxwellton braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true.*

MAXWELTON House has come into the news and linked with it the name of Annie Laurie, for Maxwellton, in Dumfriesshire, is where she was born.

Many who know her by name and song, and even have themselves sung of the fall of her fairy feet and her voice that's low and sweet, have never thought of her as a real woman. But real she was, and the song in her praise was written by her sweetheart, William Douglas, who lived at Kirkcudbright, and thought Maxwellton braes so bonnie because she and he walked by them.

The love of these two inspired a man who otherwise left no mark on poetry with verses that have a simplicity and tenderness unsurpassed. What was the end of their love story none tell us, but

Annie Laurie was born at Maxwellton in 1682, and rests in the churchyard at Glencairn a few miles away.

So long ago was her tale that it is wonderful it should have lingered till now; and it would never have done so but that the lines of a song have touched her with immortality. But even that might not have happened if it had not been that nearly a hundred years ago Lady John Scott, one of that Buccleuch family which has given us our present Duchess of Gloucester, rediscovered the old lines of the poem, and skilfully recast them in the form they have borne ever since.

She had no idea that her version of the old song would become popular, but she had it printed for a bazaar on behalf of widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the Crimea. She conferred on the eighteenth-century lyric a second life and it was sung everywhere—and some sing it still.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 11 1937

Toward a World of Friends

THROUGHOUT the world the cry is all for Peace, and Peace is one with Friendship.

If we want friends we must be friendly, and it is here that youth today can find happiness in a great and sacred mission.

We may note with the greatest pleasure that the head of the German Youth Movement, Herr von Schirach, has invited 1000 sons of French ex-Service men to spend a three-week holiday in Germany in 1938. This is excellent, and the same praise is due to Herr von Schirach for writing in the Golden Book of Versailles the words we have already given in the CN: "German youth desires to reach a sincere friendship with the great French people."

The world wants nothing more than the complete reconciliation of France and Germany, and if such words can be uttered by a German to France, may we not hope that all people may soon find it possible to address each other as friends?

We recently recorded how the boys and girls of Europe are beginning to correspond with foreigners, 2600 British exchanging letters with German, 6800 French and Germans corresponding, 1200 Germans and Italians keeping in touch with each other. Many of these letters represent friendships made by mutual visits.

Some English boys who recently visited France and Germany spoke of their experiences from a B B C station the other week, and we know that German boys visiting England have so behaved themselves as to be a credit to their country. Boys of a Mozart Choir from Vienna have been singing and playing in London, delighting our professional musical critics with their winning ways and great accomplishments.

All this is splendid, so far as it goes, but there is not enough of it.

Let these hundreds grow into thousands, into hundreds of thousands, into millions, until all the world is acquainted.

Some day, we hope and believe, our young people will be educated not alone in their own lands but by going from college to college in the great world they must help to build.

The Hope

This is the hope of the world, that we shall learn to love, and in learning that unlearn all anger and wrath and evil-speaking and malice and bitterness. Henry Drummond



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Two Words From Italy

It is good to have something pleasant from Mussolini's land.

It was delightful to see the blind and armless leader of the Italian Ex-Service men received by the King at Buckingham Palace and to hear Count Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, paying tribute to London as the capital of the world.

But what we like best are the words of the blind Major Delcroix, who is president of the Permanent International Committee of soldiers of all countries who fought in the war. These men, said the Major, want peace, not because they are afraid of war but because they know that war can have no victors, and because no nation's interests can be served by causing a war.

The Major is a good Italian soldier but he is no enemy; he is armless and harmless too.

Forfeit the Car

RECKLESS motorists should take note of the fact that there was considerable support in the House of Lords for a Bill proposing that any person convicted of being drunk in charge of a motor-car or of manslaughter or of reckless driving should, in addition to suffering existing penalties, forfeit his car.

It is little enough punishment, and the CN suggests that the licence should be forfeited with it—for life.

Friend

These words were written by Mr Ramsay MacDonald to Princess Bibesco, Mr Asquith's daughter, who had sent him a book about the Holy Land called Crusade for the Anemone:

THE anemones were full of Palestinian memories. Put them on my coffin when the time comes. What courage and sturdiness are in their beauty! They believe in a Living God, Who has given us His essential elements, Who is not to sit on a Judgment Seat, but Who is to walk with us when assigning us our portion in a garden in the cool of the day, and however censorious is to greet us as Friend.

Old War Horse

WE have heard of many beautiful memorials, and this week comes one of the loveliest of all, for a lady who loves the CN has sent us £10 to buy from bondage another old War Horse, in memory of her mother.

We do not know our generous friend, for no name is to be mentioned, but we have forwarded the money to the Dumb Friends League, and we are sure that the Recording Angel will put it down.

This is the fifth War Horse saved through the CN, and we have still a little over toward the £10 for Number Six.

We Cannot Chain These Islands

There are some who say, Why do we not turn our backs on the rest of the world?

It is not much good turning your back on a tiger which has not had a meal. We cannot encircle this island with chains and tow it out thousands of miles into the ocean.

Mr Winston Churchill

Tip-Cat

CORNET-PLAYING is good for the digestion. Cornet players are not afraid of a blow out.

AN architect in America has become a millionaire. By design?

A MAN feels he must wear his old school tie. Such loyalty is put on.

MANY schoolgirls are taught to fence. Most schoolboys know how to hedge.

A CAR should have good springs. It can make pedestrians give some.

Peter Puck
Wants To
Know

If a baker ever
needs his dough



WHAT happens to old gramophone needles? asks a correspondent. And expects a blunt answer.

HAVE horses a sense of humour? The reply is Neigh.

THE "talking" book is on the way. Illustrated with portraits that are speaking likenesses.

MEN like to have well-developed calves. Especially farmers.

THE new threepenny-bit is too big. But it won't cover expenses.

A FAMOUS artist says he can't afford to buy a coat. He could give himself a coat of varnish.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE cost of electricity is to be cut in half for hundreds of thousands of London people.

FIFTY years ago 3500 in a million died from tuberculosis; today the number has fallen to 657.

IT is hoped to arrange a Peace Pavilion for the Glasgow Exhibition.

IN two years our automatic telephones will dial direct for trunk calls.

JUST AN IDEA

Have you ever thought that there is an art of listening? Many people talk, but only a few know how to listen intelligently or sympathetically.

Arthur Mee's 50th Book

One Thousand Famous Things. By Arthur Mee. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s 6d.

ARTHUR MEE's list of books now numbers fifty, the number of volumes is well over a hundred, and the circulation over five millions.

Number Fifty, which we may perhaps think of as the Editor's Jubilee Volume, is a new anthology of One Thousand Famous Things, a collection of things which are famous in the sense of being known and frequently wanted, or in the sense of being excellent. Famous things haunt us everywhere, in poetry and art and in the world of practical achievement. They are written across our history. They are all over the face of our land.

Those who would like to have by them a thousand of these famous things will find this book the very volume for Christmas.

Fame was never so busy as now, says Mr Mee in his introduction; morning, noon, and night her trumpet sounds across the world. Time was when men must toil long years for a little fame or must do some great thing like the winning of Trafalgar. "Gentlemen," said an Englishman on that fatal morning, "let us do something today that the world will talk of hereafter." Now a man has but to fight another man or be a little comical on the films and half the world will run to see him.

Fame will spring up in a day, but the fame that endures must set itself deep in the hearts or the minds of men.

Wealth Is Not Happiness

I HAVE tasted each varied pleasure And drunk of the cup of delight; I have danced to the gayest measure In the halls of dazzling light.

I have dwelt in a blaze of splendour And stood in the courts of kings; I have snatched at each toy that could render

More rapid the flight of Time's wings.

But vainly I've sought for joy and peace In the life of light and shade; And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home,

That home where my childhood played.

When jewels are sparkling round me, And dazzling with their rays, I weep for ties that bound me In life's first early days.

I sigh for one of the sunny hours, Ere day was turned to night; For one of my nose-gays of fresh wild flowers,

Instead of these jewels bright.

Mrs Norton

When the War is Over

Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages.

A peace will equally leave the warrior and the relater of wars destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.

Dr Johnson

IN PRAISE OF FOG

Surprising though it may be, some people like fog.

We know someone who enjoys the isolation it gives; and someone else who declares that there is nothing in the world which makes him more thankful for his own home than a thick fog, which always gives him the impression that the whole earth has vanished, leaving his one house alone in the Universe.

Charles Darwin wrote of the grandeur of the smoky London fogs which, he said, made him glory in the thought of remaining in town all the winter through. Even Mazzini, born under Italian skies, loved our English fogs, for years after his return to his own sunny land he wrote of the way in which they laid the cities under a spell.

THE CENTRAL LIBRARY

The excellent suggestion has been made that a notice should be put up in every public library calling attention to the wonderful work of the National Central Library.

C.N. readers know how the Central Library works, finding a book for any student, even if it should be a rare book in the Vatican wanted by a Bedford student—a feat accomplished the other day. We very much hope our libraries will adopt this idea, as the Littlehampton library has already done.

JUMBLE SALE SURPRISES

Life is full of surprises, and some of them seem to be found at jumble sales.

A week or two ago Mr Lloyd, of Grange-mouth in Stirlingshire, bought an old picture at a sale. At the back was what is believed to be the original charter granted by Malcolm Canmore to one of his Scottish barons as far back as 1057.

There was a surprise for a woman of East Grinstead the other day, for an old watch for which she had paid twopence at a jumble sale proved to be a masterpiece made in France 150 years ago, with gold and pearls worth a high price.

THE APPLE WOMAN'S STATUE

A bronze statue has been erected in memory of a German apple woman outside the railway station at Göttingen.

The woman, Charlotte Mueller, kept a stall there every morning for 48 years, dying at the age of 94. She was known and respected by several generations of university students and townspeople because of her honest dealings and sturdy independence.

THE EIGHT SCORPIONS

A Paris professor, getting out of his taxi not long ago, left behind him a little parcel containing eight scorpions.

These creatures being too dangerous to be let loose in Paris, the professor reported to the police and the loss was broadcast. Fortunately the taxi was equipped with a wireless receiver and the driver was told that it was not safe to take the parcel home to his children, so he returned them to their owner.

WISDOM IN A NUTSHELL

Three of Norfolk's well-known storytellers have been entertaining an audience with a flow of stories in Norfolk dialect, and one of them delighted the people of Norwich with a true story by the way, declaring that it happened in St Stephen's Street, Norwich.

He said that at the top of the street someone emptied a large paper full of monkey nuts out of the window of a car. A policeman saw it and held his hand up. The car stopped.

The policeman pointed to the nutshells and said to the driver of the car, "What's all this?"

"What do you mean?" said the driver.

"Pick 'em up," said the policeman.

"Pick them up!" exclaimed the driver.

"Yes," said the policeman; "pick them up or I'll pick you up."

The end of it was that every member of the family (father, mother, son, and daughter) had to get out of the car and pick up every one of the nutshells.

The Mysterious Philanthropist

News comes from America of an unusual sort of competition in a farming district in the State of Wisconsin, a competition in well-doing.

At five o'clock one cold and frosty morning Farmer Peplan's house burned to the ground. The family had no time to save anything, and found themselves shivering in their night-clothes. Their neighbours came to their rescue, took them home to breakfast, and fitted them out with such garments as they were able to spare.

Luckily the house was modestly insured, and with the insurance Mr Peplan built a new house as soon as he could. This work was hardly finished when his barn burnt, a tragic blow on top of his other difficulties, and Mr Peplan did not know where he would find the money for a new barn. Knowing his situation, some fifty farmers in the district agreed to pitch in and build a

new barn themselves. The labour would cost nothing at all. This plan was carried out, and that, presumably, was the end of the story.

But no. An unknown man had heard of this neighbourly deed, and, thinking that none of these farmers could afford such generosity, he called on one of them one day and left a small parcel, "to be delivered to Walter Erbstoersers when he comes in to dinner. No, no name." And away he went, a rather shabby old figure, down the road.

When the parcel was opened it was found to contain 200 dollars, "for the neighbours who helped Fred Peplan to build his barn."

The last we heard of the matter was that the neighbours were voting to give their shares in this mysterious wage-fund to Farmer Peplan, saying that most certainly he was the one in greatest need of money just now.

LAND OF PROMISE

The South American Republic of Argentina welcomes immigrants with open arms and has become the greatest melting-pot of races in the world.

According to one who knows it well it is the new Land of Promise to the emigrant. At the Immigrant's Hotel in Buenos Aires food and lodging are furnished free for five days, sometimes to as many as 4000 people at once.

Settlers bring in their belongings free of duty and change their money without cost. At the end of their five-day visit they are furnished with free travel and transport to any part of the Republic they wish, their choice having been aided by films showing the advantages of the different States.

AN ENGINE'S MILLION MILES

An engine has retired from active service and left the railway for a museum.

It is the Henry Oakley, an L.N.E.R locomotive which has travelled over a million miles in 40 years, and has now made its last journey from Doncaster to York, where its future home will be in the railway museum.

665

The King has sent congratulations to Mr James Stebbings (who is 94) and his wife (who is 91) on the 71st anniversary of their wedding. They live at Ilketshall St Andrew in Suffolk, and their ages, with those of their eight children, make a grand total of 665 years.

KNITTING FOR BOYS

In Perthshire, as in some other places, the elementary schools teach knitting to boys as well as to girls as part of the handicraft programme.

This has brought objection from one of the boy's parents, who thinks knitting not good for the male sex. So the Education Committee had to debate solemnly whether the boy should or should not be compelled to knit, and by a majority of 14 votes to 9 decided that he must either knit or be excluded from school.

For our part we think it as well for a boy to learn to knit as for a girl to know how to drive a nail.

PENNIES IN ABERDEEN

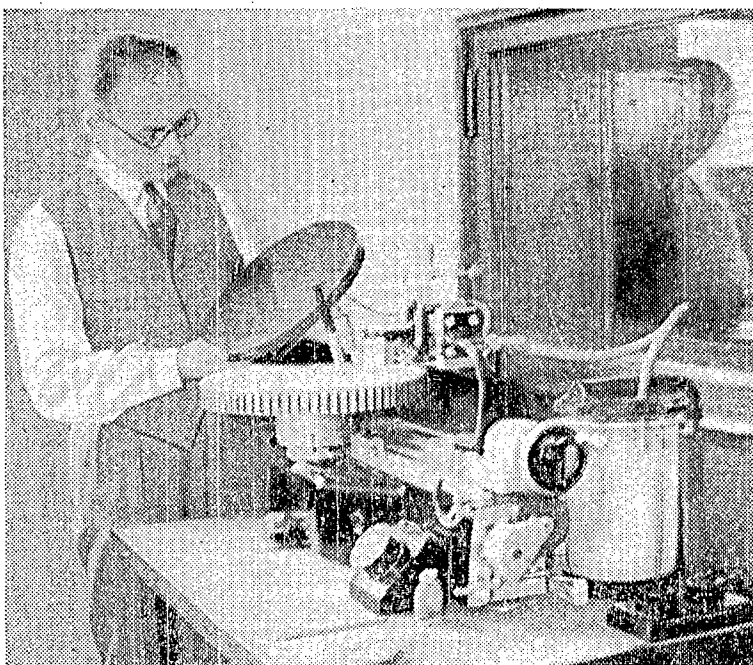
Aberdeen is laughing at its own joke. The world has laughed at jokes about the Aberdonian, and now the people of Aberdeen are amused by the discovery in their midst of a jar in which long ago someone buried 200 silver pennies of Henry the Third's day. Everyone in Aberdeen knows that everyone beyond the city will be saying, *So that is what they do with their money.*

The joke, of course, is that this is just what Aberdonians do not do, for a more generous people would be hard to find.

ARCHBISHOPS ARRESTED

The hunting of traitors in Soviet Russia is intensified and extends to every department of life in the mighty territory ruled from Moscow. Generals, admirals, high officials, ambassadors, presidents of federated republics—all alike furnish their quota of victims.

The latest "purge" is among all that remains of the Russian Church. Archbishops and bishops are being arrested and accused of plotting against Communism. The *Isvestia*, a leading Soviet newspaper, charges the churchmen with treason and the making of vile plots.



Books and Maps for the Blind—An average book can be recorded on ten double-sided records like that being examined in the sound-recording department at St Dunstan's. In the picture on the right a map is being tapped out for a Braille book of World History. Each map consists of 3000 to 5000 dots.



A SINGER PASSES ON

There has passed on a well-known and much-loved Yorkshireman, Henry Verrill of Staithes. Sunday after Sunday he was to be heard singing with the fishermen on the quay, a bright-faced little man with a ringing tenor voice.

He sang for the greater part of his three-score years and ten. When only five he sang a solo at an anniversary, and for 60 years he was in the Primitive Methodist choir.

A BRIDGE WITHOUT A BOLT

A remarkable new bridge is to be built for the Transport Board to carry the Hammersmith and City Railway over Ladbroke Grove. It will be the first bridge of its kind in the country, being welded together without a single bolt or rivet in it.

SINGAPORE

Singapore has the world's biggest graving dock.

It stirs us to read of the work which is still going on in one of the greatest of all our outposts of Empire. For years work has been pushed on, and now the huge graving dock is complete, the 50,000-ton floating dock, towed out a few years ago, riding at anchor near by.

By 1939 it is expected that the base with its docks and fortifications will be finished at a cost of about £20,000,000, and Singapore will then be able to shelter a fleet of battleships, its docks big enough to handle the largest ships of all, and its air base among the most important in the Empire. British aircraft and British battleships will be able to exercise far more efficient control over the Pacific than ever before.

HIS MAJESTY BABY

During a kinema show in Bridlington recently the film was held up for a moment or two while a notice was displayed asking Mr and Mrs Bowers to go back to Filey as quickly as possible. They had a ten-mile journey, not, as might have been imagined, because someone was dying, but because their baby, who had been left in the care of friends, would not stop crying.

PEACE AT LAST

A few days after the holding of a Peace Week campaign in a West Yorkshire town the scholars attending one of the schools were asked to write an essay on what took place. One wrote this:

First we had some singing. This was followed by a long talk from the minister. Then we had peace.

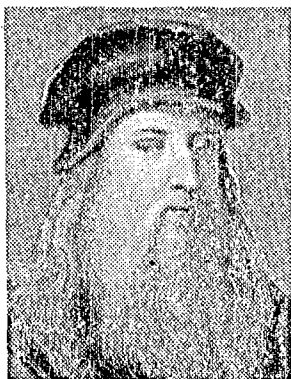
THE GREATEST MAN FOR A THOUSAND YEARS



Abraham Lincoln



Michael Faraday



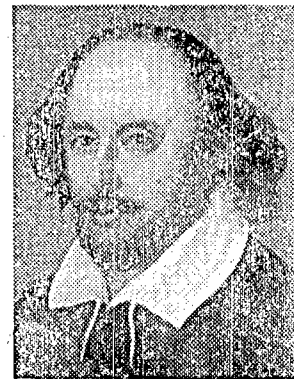
Leonardo da Vinci



Oliver Cromwell



Louis Pasteur



William Shakespeare

Who has been the greatest man in the last thousand years?

It is not to be expected that questions like this can be answered, but we can at least consider the candidates for this dazzling place in history. We propose to look briefly at the claims of six men who have some right to be considered.

We have grouped them as representing the broad field of life as a whole. We take Cromwell and Lincoln as men of action and affairs. We take

Cromwell

OLIVER CROMWELL stood in the midst of an ancient society that was deeply disturbed by clashing principles of government. England had then a larger measure of freedom than any other nation. She had a constitution and laws which even the headstrong Tudor sovereigns respected. Monarchs like Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth upheld the English ways and were thoroughly popular with the English people, but they were followed by Scottish kings who strove to foist on the country the ridiculous doctrine of the divine right of kings, and to whittle away the safeguards of the Constitution. National unity was shattered. The best minds of the nation rallied to the defence of its liberties. Civil war raged in England for nearly three years.

From that war emerged a victorious army, perhaps the finest the world has ever seen, and it was the real controller of the country. The old systems were not working, and out of this confusion appeared a man whose character and influence enabled him to rule the storm and bring his country through it with a success that amazed the world. That man was Cromwell.

A plain country gentleman from the Eastern Counties, Cromwell was known in Parliament as a member who carried weight, with very little talk, by virtue of his good sense and his honesty. By sheer power of personality he dominated the army and the country.

He wore himself out by his labours which amounted to this: that, once for all, he killed in intelligent mankind the idea of the sacredness of kingly tyranny. He is the supreme Englishman of action, standing in history for what Great Britain has since meant in the government of the world.

Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, one of the two Presidents of the United States accepted by the opinion of the world as Great, compares, in the outlines of his character and triumph, with Cromwell. He, too, made his way to the head of a vigorous nation by sheer personality and all-round ability; and in the turmoil of a fierce and complicated civil war, which decided his country's fate, he ruled with unshakable wisdom and strength.

Lincoln lived in early youth, far out in the backwoods, the life of a working man. His father could not read, and was a failure. His inherited qualities came through his mother. All the schooling Abraham ever had only

totalled one year, and was pieced together from five schools, so shifting was his boyish life. No man was ever more completely self-educated. He read all the books that came his way and later chose law as his subject.

Lincoln's position as regards slavery was clear. He had always denounced it. But he recognised it as a fact in the Southern States, and he gave the preservation of the Union the first place. Therefore he did not advocate abolition till it could be brought about without destroying the Union. He waited for the moment when he was certain the Union could be preserved and the abolition of slavery could be declared, and when that moment came he took the decisive step and the Union and Abolition triumphed together.

From first to last Lincoln showed consummate firmness with discretion. He gauged the position with insight, strength, and humanity. His appeals to the nation were models of statesmanship and profound eloquence. His plea was for government of the people by the people for the people, and a new birth of freedom. He broke "his birth's invidious bar," and rose to the loftiest heights of manhood and statesmanship.

Faraday

THE field of science that has most deeply impressed the popular imagination is that of Electricity. It has made miracles seem commonplace. It was Michael Faraday who founded the Electric Age.

The son of a Yorkshire blacksmith living in London, Michael went as errand boy to the shop of a stationer and bookbinder, and served him so well that he apprenticed him to the book-binding. But the boy's mind was fixed on the scientific books that came his way, and a customer, noticing his studiousness, sent him tickets for four lectures by Sir Humphry Davy at the Royal Institution. The youth wrote out a summary of the lectures, sent it to Davy, and told him he wished to live for science. The delighted Davy engaged him as his laboratory assistant at 25 shillings a week, and long afterwards, when asked what was his greatest discovery, Davy answered without hesitation, *Michael Faraday*.

Charming as a lecturer, and skilful in the highest degree as an experimenter, Faraday succeeded Davy, and remained over half a century at the Royal Institution. His researches covered an enormous range and may be regarded as laying the foundations of electric science. As a man Faraday was singularly attractive. He was an instinctive

Pasteur and Faraday as men of science. We take Leonardo and Shakespeare as the kings of that invisible realm which nothing can ever destroy.

As we think of them there comes to us the wondrous thought that all these men were men of deep humility, that all, or nearly all, had an abiding sense of the spirit of God moving within them. We are thinking of greatness in its sublimest sense; we are judging it by the way these men impressed their character and intellect upon their time and upon the ages.

gentleman, modest and, simple, yet bright. His religion was deep and vital to his character, though never paraded. As his biographer says, *Like the wise men of the East he brought to the Redeemer the gold, frankincense, and myrrh of his adoration*. Faraday had a greatness that he would have been the last man in the world to claim for himself.

Pasteur

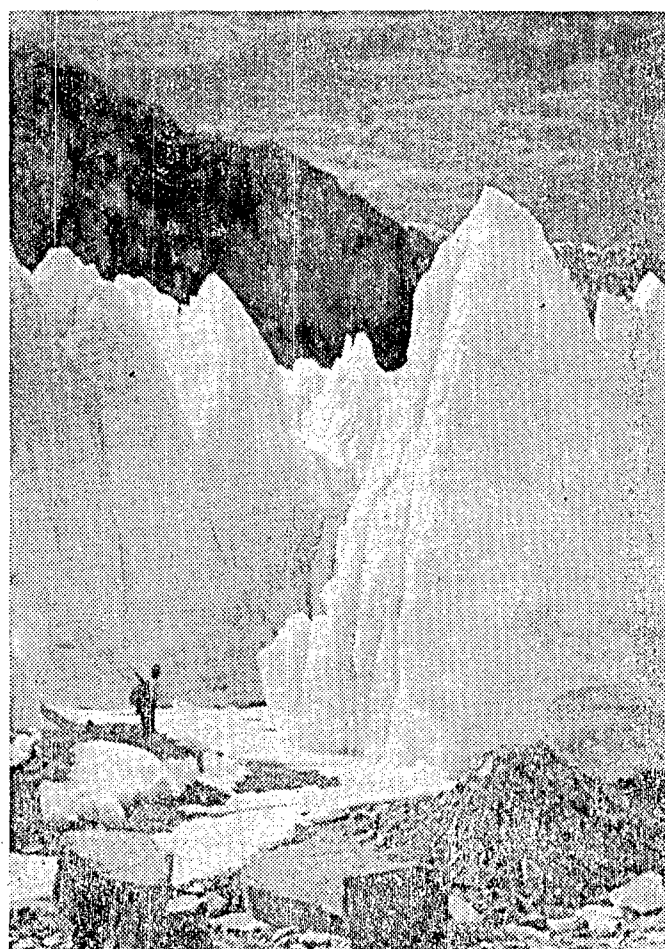
No branch of science is more important than that concerned with the prevention of suffering and the saving of life, and in that branch the name of Louis Pasteur is supreme. He was born in eastern France in 1822, and became a student of science of whom much was expected by those who knew him well, but took his degree with the report, "mediocre in chemistry," the subject in which he excelled.

Soon, however, as an experimenting chemist, he made his mark by finding out why wines go sour. This led him on to the subject of fermentation and the microbes that cause it, and on to the origin of diseases caused by germs. Pasteur set himself the task of discovering the microbe which causes each specific disease, and succeeded in many cases. Where he did not identify the germ he found means of defence against it by inoculation.

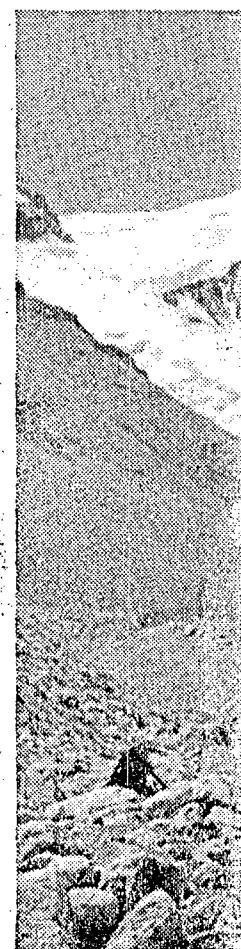
The positive effects of his discoveries and the treatments to which they led were so clear that the soundness of his methods could not be gainsaid. On the lines he laid down many diseases, such as diphtheria and typhoid, have been brought under control, and literally millions of lives have been saved as a result of his work.

Louis Pasteur, who lies today in the heart of Paris, in the scene of his work.

Everest the Unconquered—Photograph



Ice pinnacles on the East Rongbuk Glacier



Mou

The latest attempt on Everest, like so many others before it, ended in a glorious failure. Everest remains unconquered. The expedition of 1936 was led by Mr Hugh Rutledge and he has told

STARS—WHO IS HE?

at the Pasteur Institute, became a national figure, and is regarded by his countrymen with infinite pride.

Leonardo

DA VINCI was a man of Florence, born in 1452, and he took the world by storm by the infinite variety of his accomplishments.

Handsome and charming, he had the ambition to be artist, sculptor, scientist, engineer, architect, and writer on art, and the world accepted his estimate of himself in all these capacities. He did some of his best work at Milan, including his Last Supper, one of the most famous and impressive pictures in the world. His most famous portrait is the Mona Lisa in the Paris Louvre, an enigmatic woman's face. Apart from a few paintings, his art is best represented by his drawings and designs, which are numerous, for he was prolific in plans that were unfulfilled. Among his writings are discussions on the art of painting that are of high critical value, and his influence on art has been great.

The last years of his life were spent at the Court of the French king, where he lived in high honour. There is no doubt that Da Vinci's all-round abilities (he directed Court pageants, devised plans for irrigating the plains of Lombardy, and thought out flying machines) were of the highest order, and that his personality commanded for him all his life very high respect, though he was constantly undertaking more varied work than any one man could possibly hope to carry out.

Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE'S greatness is seen entirely in his writings. He is the least known and yet the most famous of all the six men we have considered.

Apart from his writing we know almost nothing of him—one, or two

glimpses and he is beyond us, a baffling mystery so great that there have been those who believed he did not exist!

But in his works how supremely great he is! In simple truth they do contain "mankind's epitome." Shakespeare's characters are infinite in their variety, and their truthfulness to life is beyond dispute. He has never been equalled for his knowledge of life and character and his understanding of motive. We may let Matthew Arnold's tribute stand as our own in considering his claim to immortality:

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill

That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,

Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,

Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured,
Self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at. Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,

Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

OUR survey now is ended. If human greatness can be expressed in the thoughts that stir for ever the minds and hearts of men, surely it is to be found in Shakespeare in greater measure than in any man who has lived during the last thousand years. But can greatness find adequate expression in any language? That is one of the problems that must be decided before we can say with anything like confidence who has been the greatest man.

We leave the question for our readers to reflect upon.

Old News Of Our Country WAS ROMAN BRITAIN A SUCCESS?

It will come as a surprise to most people to learn, on the word of a high authority, that the Romans in Britain were not so successful as has been generally imagined.

It is practically certain that many of their towns fell into ruin while the Romans were still in occupation of Britain, and that at their departure they left the country in a state of weakness.

This is the conclusion we may draw from the excavations at Verulamium, Uriconium, Colchester, and elsewhere in recent years, and Dr Mortimer Wheeler has given the reasons in a lecture to the British Association.

The Beginnings of Town Life

His subject was the Beginnings of Town Life in Britain, and he declared that Maiden Castle in Dorsetshire, and other hill-forts flourishing in south-west Britain in the century before Julius Caesar landed were cities in the true sense of the term. Many of them were permanently occupied, with houses and streets sheltered by massive lines of rampart and ditch, the construction of which implied no small degree of wealth and authority and skill.

These Celtic cities were, however, purely agricultural centres and not centres of trade with distant communities. They existed mainly by taking in each other's washing, as is proved by the rarity of imported objects among the finds.

The British trade referred to by Roman writers was carried on mainly from the Belgic settlements in the south-east of our island, and here too the cities were extensive, situated near fords and cross-country routes.

The Roman invaders, therefore, did not create town life here. What they tried to do was to remodel it, commercialise it. Backed by an imperial treasury and a central authority, the

Roman engineers built roads through the new province with a directness and a vision which is almost uncanny, for such modern towns as Manchester and Wigan are found to be in direct contact with Roman Britain.

The Romans aimed at establishing a series of commercial cities in this country, and poured in money and craftsmen for this purpose, yet they failed, mainly because the province remained what it had been before the invasion, a land of agricultural groups capable of producing little more than enough for their needs. There was no real development of the agricultural industry side by side with the opening of lead and iron mines, and no middle class which could live by commerce and industry came into existence.

It is true that 100 years after the Roman settlement London with its three miles of walls and Verulamium with its monumental gateways shone brightly on the landscape, yet it is astonishing to learn that little more than a century later the towns of Roman Britain were in a state of ruin, with the walls of Verulamium crumbling in decay and carts passing carelessly over the fallen columns which had enriched Uriconium's marketplace.

Verulamium as a Slum

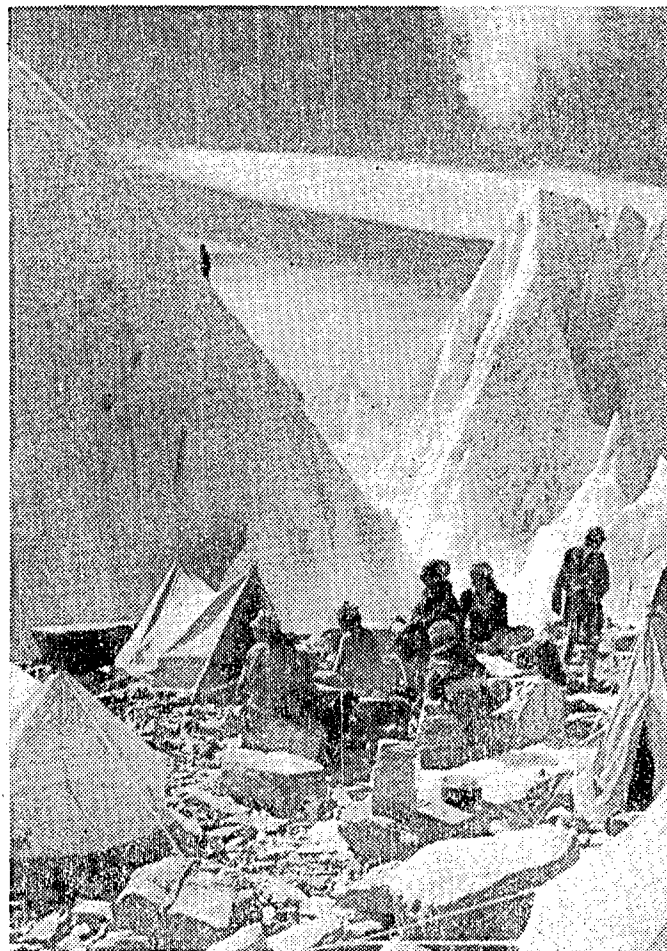
When the Emperor Diocletian reorganised the Empire there was a revival, and at Verulamium houses were rebuilt and the theatre raised from its ruins. But before the end of the fourth century Verulamium was once more in decay: it was, in fact, a slum.

It was only in country districts, Dr Wheeler concludes, that the Romans succeeded, their country villas being reconstructed as late as the fifth century, and their owners forming a class of squires who carried on the native agricultural tradition.

aphs Taken During Last Year's Attempt on the World's Highest Peak



Everest and the North Peak as seen from the main Rongbuk Glacier. Everest is the peak on the right

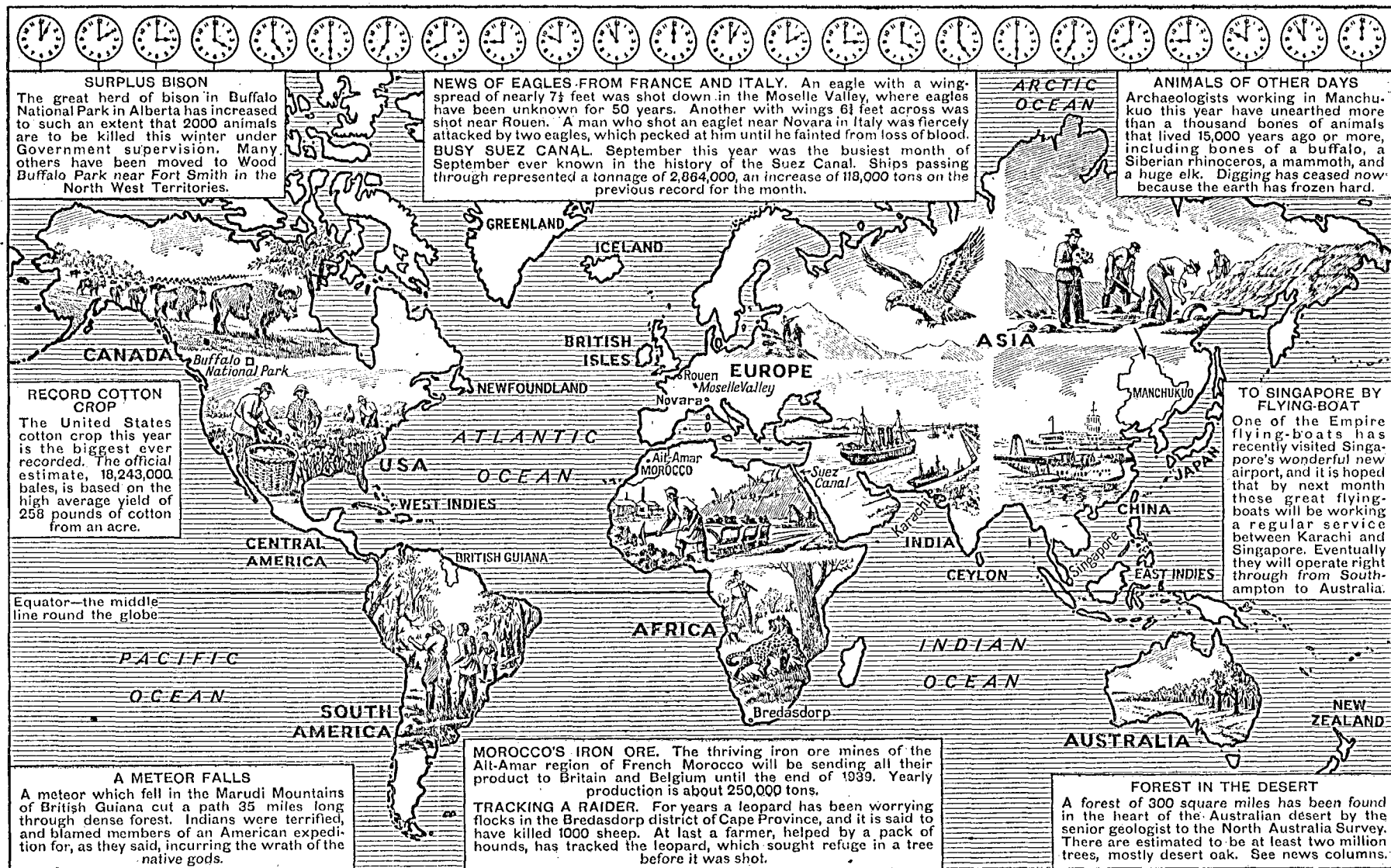


Sunset at Camp II, nearly 20,000 feet high

us the wonderful story of the assault in his book *Everest: The Unfinished Adventure*, published by Hodder & Stoughton at 25 shillings. Mr Rutledge's story of this thrilling adventure is

accompanied by numerous excellent photographs, three of which we are privileged to reproduce here. They give some idea of the reason why Everest has defied all attempts on its summit.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



100 SCHOOLS FOR THE BACKWARD

The L C C Marches On

Teachers and voluntary workers in London who have devoted their lives to the humanitarian service known as the Special Schools have been showing some of the results to those engaged in similar work throughout the country.

It is ten years since the last conference of the National Special Schools Union was held in London, and Mr E. M. Rich, Education Officer of the L C C, has been able to point with pride to the many types of schools now available for children lacking the health and strength of their brothers and sisters.

In 1874, two classes were opened in London for the blind and deaf; today there are 100 schools for children who suffer from all kinds of mental and physical handicaps. Many of these special schools teach useful crafts, with the result that the pupils, notwithstanding their severe handicaps, are absorbed into the world of work and become self-supporting.

There are now 15 open-air schools in London, while at Bushy Park, St Leonards, and Margate the L C C maintains residential open-air schools where children who might otherwise develop into permanent invalids are sent for a few weeks.

Another recent development is the hospital school, in which children who have to remain in hospitals for a long time are taught. There are eleven of these, and it has been found that education has definitely helped the little patients to get better in health.

There are now only two residential schools for blind children, the number so afflicted having fallen in an astonishing degree, thanks to our Health services.

The Soldier's Farewell to His Steed

By the time these lines are read the famous First King's Dragoon Guards, newly home from India, will have said sad farewells to their noble companions, the horses that have borne them.

The Scots Greys, as we remember, have saved their mounts, and soon they, with three other regiments, will be the only cavalry left to the Army, all the remainder having surrendered horses for mechanical traction.

As it is, Army horses have been disappearing at the rate of a thousand a year for ten years, and this year we had, throughout the Empire, only a little over 11,000, assisted by 818 mules, with an Army donkey to carry the military washing at Gibraltar, and an ox to draw the official dustcart in Mauritius.

So another cycle nears completion. We began as horsemen warriors, developed as infantry, bred towering war horses weighing a quarter of a ton, abandoned these when gunpowder blew armoured men out of the field, and then built up lighter cavalry, which has lasted until our own age. The latest example met its doom during the Great War, when cavalry, except in thinly occupied areas, was useless.

By Car Across the Sahara

Several motor expeditions have crossed the Sahara after great preparation, but now comes news of a crossing in a solitary Ford of 1933 pattern.

The car, of 14.9 h.p., had travelled 87,000 miles in England before it was fitted with a reconditioned engine. After covering another 5000 miles the car was taken to Africa, where it made a 6000-mile trip across the Sahara, through Nigeria and French Equatorial Africa, with a petrol consumption of only 22 miles a gallon.

Shakespeare's Hostess

Thousands of children have mourned the death of Miss Lilian Baylis, the good fairy of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells.

Miss Baylis did more for the fame of Shakespeare on the stage than anybody else in her generation; she produced all his plays again and again, yet she might seem to have been in conflict with his wishes, for Shakespeare actually sought to drive children from the theatre, while she succeeded in bringing them back to the theatre and to him.

In his day and for nearly half a century after his death there were no actresses. All the women in his plays were represented by boys. So successful were they that entire companies of boys were established by his rivals, to grow so successful that they threatened the livelihood of adult actors, and therefore of Shakespeare himself. So in Hamlet Shakespeare makes war on them, and, so far as we are able to judge, it was that play which saved the men actors as well as its author.

Miss Baylis brought the children back to the theatre, not as actors but as students. They went to her old theatre during school hours, sent by the education authorities, to enjoy Shakespeare as part of their training. They loved her and she loved them, and never was she happier than when the building thrilled with their sighs or rang with their laughter.

The Lonely School

Miss Murdina Nicolson will be a lonely teacher. She has been appointed to a new school in Ardbheag, in the Uig district of Lewis.

There is no road to the school; pupils must go by boat, or tramp eight miles across the Uig moors. There are only three pupils.

THE COAL FOR THE COUNTRY

70,000 Miners Killed in Less than 70 Years

The Government has brought in a new Coal Bill to carry out its policy of buying up the nation's coal from the 4000 landlords who now own it, for controlling the amalgamation of colliery firms, and for control of selling. The coal (not the mines) is to be bought for £66,450,000.

The need for the amalgamation of mining companies is shown by the fact that while three-fourths of the coal is produced by 129 companies, the remaining fourth is produced by 870 companies.

Coal is still our chief asset and the basis of our industrial prosperity. Now that its sale is more restricted, through the use of oil at sea, in motor-vehicles on land, and in many other ways, there is the greater need for economic working.

It was recalled in the debate in Parliament that 72,000 miners have been killed since 1873! In the same period there have been millions of cases of wounding, many of them making cripples for life.

The Mountain Moves

A mountain overlooking Elysian Park, Los Angeles, has become a menace to the neighbourhood.

An avalanche of rock and soil, weighing two million tons, is slowly advancing. A fissure in the mountain widened almost an inch in four hours not long ago, and the average rate of advance is an inch a day. Engineers and scientists are powerless to stop it. Guards are posted the whole length of the fissure to give the alarm if the mountain should suddenly begin to collapse, and sections of the highway are closed.

A FLYING MOUNTAIN

Unexpected Visitor Approaching the Earth

By the C.N. Astronomer

A celestial mountain is now flying across our evening sky and, just for the present, rushing toward the Earth.

It is not very far away and is expected, during next week, to pass within 700,000 miles of us. Fortunately it is not likely to come any nearer.

It is exceptional for anything so large to approach so near to our world from outer space. Apparently it is one of those peregrinating little planetoids, a still smaller brother to Eros, described in the C.N. for November 20, which is venturing perilously near to the Earth and much nearer than Eros or any other of these planetoids has previously been known to come.

As Big as Ben Nevis

The first evidence of its existence was a relatively long and mysterious trail on a photograph taken through a powerful telescope by Herr K. Reinmuth at Heidelberg. This, of course, might have been a meteor trail or the nucleus of a comet, but subsequent investigations soon proved it to be one of that great family of planetoids, or asteroids, coming unusually close to the Earth, so close that it is now less than three times the Moon's distance away.

It is speeding across the western sky in the evening and so is not well placed for observation owing to the sunset afterglow; otherwise good field-glasses would have revealed it as a tiny point of light, although it is as big as Snowdon or Ben Nevis. Fortunately this "flying mountain," in relation to the Earth, is now in the opposite side of the sky to the Moon; otherwise the Moon would have been so much nearer to it that her gravitational pull, added to that of the Earth, would have been so much stronger that one wonders what might have happened in consequence.

Our world would most probably have been provided with another moon which, unable to get away again from the Earth's attraction, would henceforth continue to revolve round her. Such things have happened to other worlds, Jupiter in particular, and it is most probable that Mars obtained his two small moons by capturing a couple of these planetoids that had ventured too near to that planet.

A New Satellite For Venus?

A succession of these small worlds, which are known to resemble great masses of rock rather than spherical bodies, have approached near the Earth in recent years. One discovered in February 1936, known as Anteros or Adonis, came within 1,300,000 miles of the Earth; this body was less than two miles in diameter and was till then the planetoid known to approach nearest to our world, for it had come about 5,000,000 miles nearer than Apollo, which was discovered in May 1932. This was a still smaller planetoid, being estimated to be only about a mile in diameter. Apollo travelled to within the orbit of Venus, thus making it possible for Venus to acquire a tiny satellite in ages to come.

All these swift-moving visitors to our skies whirl through space in orbits that periodically bring them back again near the Earth's orbit; when the Earth happens to be in that part of her orbit we shall see them again. Several years may elapse before this new flying mountain ventures so near.

G.F.M.

The Admiral

A man known to thousands of children in Hyde Park has died after being chief boatman there for 37 years. He was Albert Green, but the children called him the Admiral of the Serpentine.

THE BRAVE PASTORS OF GERMANY

7000 Prosecutions

The Church crisis in Germany grows more and more acute.

There are now over 100 pastors in prison, and over 7000 have been prosecuted since the Nazis came into power.

Another legal decision has been made depriving the Church of its power to raise funds, and more pastors have been arrested. In spite of this a very bold declaration has been sent to Herr Hitler signed by representatives of all branches of the Evangelical Church, and asking the Fuhrer and the heads of all State departments plain questions as to whether they are for or against Christianity.

The declaration asks definitely whether they are to be allowed to profess publicly the Christian faith which has richly blessed the nation in the past, or whether they are to be looked upon as rebels because they have been Christians, and with God's help will remain so. The pastors signing the statement (about 90) concluded with the words, "We beg our Fuhrer to make a statement."

Good Work Going on at Woolwich

The Pilgrim Trust has this year made a special grant of £275 to the Woolwich Council of Social Service to help in a work which should be copied by every town in the country.

For twelve years this council has been fostering and coordinating all the social activities in Woolwich, helping to secure town-planning schemes and to preserve and recondition Woolwich Common for public use, and encouraging all educational and cultural activities.

So highly is this council regarded in the town that Mr C. H. Grinling, its honorary secretary, has been made the first Freeman of Woolwich. Mr Grinling, indeed, has been the chief architect of this excellent organisation, whose influence has been felt so strongly in other parts of the country that it is proposed to organise at Oxford and Nottingham groups of people as Friends of Woolwich who will give help to the council and keep in touch with its activities.

Woolwich itself has some 3000 associates who are represented on the council, which includes among its members over a hundred representatives of the various bodies engaged in civic, educational, and religious work in the town. Woolwich is well served!

New Houses By an Old Garden

A new departure in housing development is coming about at Tulse Hill, where the L.C.C. is developing a 33-acre site, joining the beautiful Brockwell Park.

It has been found necessary to find houses for people who can pay a little more than a working-class rent, and on this new estate the L.C.C. is providing one-third of the accommodation for families of this kind. It is hoped that such tenants will come from all parts of South-West London, and houses for them will have better amenities and better finish in return for the higher rent.

Brockwell Park, where this experiment is being tried, is the biggest in Lambeth. There are 127 acres of hilly parkland with lofty elms on the southern slopes, below an old house set in a lovely old-world garden with a sundial, a well, and all the plants Shakespeare mentions. By a little lake is an aviary in which are jackdaws, finches, linnets, bantams, parrots, pigeons, and canaries.

Little Portraits QUEEN ELIZABETH



WHEN she came to the throne she was beautiful, a young woman of middle height, with rich auburn hair, a commanding forehead, hazel eyes flashing with anger or sparkling with merriment. As strong as any man, she could hunt all day and dance all night without feeling tired. Imperious and ruthless, she beat her gentlewomen when they displeased her, and called her councillors by nicknames. Presents always pleased her, but she was too miserly to give generously.

At 55 she became increasingly haughty and autocratic, more and more suspicious of those about her. She still rode to hounds and wore dazzling dresses and costly jewels, but her hair was false and her teeth were black. As she neared the end she was no more than a lonely old woman, cold and silent, a tyrant queen who had become worn and haggard, her frame shrinking till she was little better than a living skeleton. Her temper was unbearable. She talked day and night of the time when she had been the wonder of Europe, and at last, propped up with pillows, her finger on her lip, her eyes fixed on the floor, she sulked her way to the grave.

Banished Music

We boast that music knows no frontiers, but the boast is unwarranted.

Listening recently to the massed bands of the Guards playing Tschai-kowsky's great overture 1812, we realised that we were listening to a masterpiece, written by a Russian for the Russian nation, which modern Russia is not permitted to hear.

There are in it strains which should accompany words forbidden in Russia: it would be treason to play it there. The opening four bars are from the Russian hymn "God preserve Thy people," and God is a forbidden word under the Soviet. In the closing stages comes the old Russian national anthem, "God save our noble Tsar," and neither God nor Tsar must be suggested even by music.

So this work by one of Russia's greatest artist sons is banned in the homeland of its composer. Before we think such a thing beyond belief we must remember that during the Great War German music was utterly banished from our own concert programmes.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of December 1912

Honest Costermongers. It is the custom to poke fun at costermongers, to pretend that they use a language never heard among civilised people, and dress in a fashion rarely seen outside a picture. But here is a little thing which ought to be known about the costermongers of London. During the past year the scales used by 3364 of these poor street-traders were examined, and only eight were incorrect. That shows a high standard of honesty not always found in shops.

NATION BUSIER THAN EVER

What Our People Are Doing

Never was the nation busier than it is today if we count the people now at work.

Figures can be very fascinating when they exhibit a great people at work in good times and bad. If we go back only five years we can realise how serious was the position of our army of workers. We cannot describe it all, for facts are only available for the workers who are insured against unemployment. We find that in that year of ill omen there were in Great Britain 12,562,000 men and women, boys and girls, so insured, and that of them 2,756,000 were out of work, leaving 9,806,000 either in work or sick.

After 1932 things improved, and by 1935 there were 12,792,000 insured and 1,958,000 out of work.

Now let us look at the figures for last October. We see a great improvement. The number insured had risen to 13,467,000, while the number out of work was 1,328,000.

We have now roundly twelve insured persons at work for every ten at work in 1932.

Thus the story of the last five working years is a good one, and we must strive to make it better still, so that no able-bodied worker is without employment.

The Work They Do

For the middle of 1937 the Ministry of Labour is able to show us how the insured workers worked. The figures given here are for Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and are therefore rather larger than those above.

	Number Insured
Manufacturing	6,460,350
Building and Contracting	1,329,400
Mining and Quarrying	972,680
Transport and Distribution	2,972,070
Government Workers	516,970
Fishing	34,250
Gas, Water, and Electricity	218,480
Commerce, Banking, Insurance ..	269,380
Miscellaneous	923,420

Total 13,697,000

What a picture of labour, of mutual service! Nearly 14 million people working for themselves, and necessarily working for each other, even if they do not know it. Of every 100 insured 47 are factory workers, 7 are miners, 10 are builders, 22 are distributors, 4 are Government workers.

Let us see how many children are included in the 13,697,000 insured persons of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. It is 914,000, made up of 501,200 boys and 412,800 girls, and of these only 6675 boys and 7586 girls were out of work in July. Thus there are very few idle boys and girls: only just over one in a hundred, which is remarkable.

OUR ROADS IN PEACE Worse Than Spain in War

By Lord Mottistone

Lord Mottistone, supporting a Bill in the House of Lords for confiscating the cars of drunken drivers who are convicted, put the tragedy of our roads in this dramatic way.

More people had been killed and wounded by motor-vehicles on the roads in Britain during the last eighteen months than had been killed and wounded in the civil war in Spain.

We stand in the fantastic position that it has been safer for the civilian to live in Spain at war than to live in Britain at peace. If you are going to kill off and wound people at that sort of rate it is more humane to do it by bullets and shells.

The 400 boys at Folsted School, Essex, go to bed for half an hour after lunch every day; their headmaster says it improves their health and work

THE EMPTY CONTINENT

Great Survey of Australia

The Federal Minister in charge of the development of Australia is organising an extensive survey of the continent.

The world today, says Senator McLachlan, has determined that we must use our land and develop its resources or hand it over to somebody else, and he is determined to survey a million square miles north of the 22nd parallel. A survey of North Australia has already been taking place in the last few years.

It is felt that even if the results of the survey are unsatisfactory Australia will be able to stand at the bar of world opinion and say that much of the continent is worthless; but if the survey is not made it will be difficult to withstand the pressure of nations demanding room to live.

Already thousands of square miles of Australia have been photographed, but the work remaining to be done is vast indeed.

See World Map

A Plot Against the French Republic

The French police have discovered stores of arms and explosives hidden in Paris by an organisation which aimed at the overthrow of the Republic and the establishment of a dictatorship.

Secret documents have been found with information about the army, transport facilities, and newspaper offices, proving that the plot was elaborate. The French Government believes that the intention of the plotters was to set a king on a throne in France, but it is confident that the laws of the Republic are strong enough to check this criminal conspiracy.

A Great Bird at the Zoo

ONE of those splendid vultures, a lammergeier, has come to the London Zoo.

With a wing-span of about nine feet, the lammergeier is within three feet of the size of the great condor. Greatly afraid of men, it lives chiefly on carrion, and is a precious scavenger. It is, however, one of the birds which seem almost to reason things out.

It carries bones to a great height into the air and lets them fall and break on the rocks, whereupon it descends and eats what is edible. Lammergeiers extend their practice to tortoises, which they also carry up and let fall, and it is agreed that in all probability it was a lammergeier that dropped the tortoise which descended on the head of the Greek poet Aeschylus and killed him.

Probably it was some super-lammergeier that suggested the roc to the fervid imagination of Sindbad the sailor. His bird not only carried him, attached by his turban to its leg, from the island on which he was stranded, but, an elephant and a rhinoceros having engaged in a

fatal combat, it bore them both away, one in each foot.

Fiction demands the excitement of exaggeration such as this, but Science brushes away romance and brings us to the sobering knowledge that birds could hardly be bigger than those now existing, unless, like the giant moa and the ostrich, they were to surrender their power of flight.

Working out the dynamics of the matter, learned men have shown that if a bird as big as a man sought to fly it would require a breast-bone four feet deep to anchor the breast-muscles necessary to operate its wings. And, supposing that possible, in order to maintain balance its legs would have to be reduced to virtual shadows; it could not stand on them.

There is a fine law of compensation running through this plan. Birds are millions of years older than Man; had they been able to develop substance, flight, and the fierceness of the flesh-eaters they would have been the masters of the earth.

Santa Claus's New Ideas

CHRISTMAS toys are growing more and more ingenious.

One big store is showing tiny garage sets, with the correct petrol pumps, garage lights, and garage; boxes of cars in sections waiting to be put together; and cars that are supposed to work by the human voice (though a good deal of blowing is needed as well). The Minister for Transport would be pleased to see the box of blank road-signs for young motorists, containing blank signs, paint brushes, and tins of red, white, and black paint, and a little

box of printed signs. The children's task is to paint all these correctly.

Then there are little gardens, with real or artificial flowers for the gardener to plant in the borders or flower beds; baby kinemas with films of all the nursery tales, toy telephones, and a device called the pistolplane which discharges a small model aeroplane from a toy pistol. After taking a wide sweep through the air the plane returns to the hand of the operator, reminding one of the boomerang which comes back to the man who has thrown it.

SPEED TOMORROW

How Fast the Planes May Go

One of our foremost aircraft designers, Mr A. H. R. Fedden, is said to forecast the following speeds for aeroplanes in the near future:

For heavy bombing aeroplanes	275 m p h
For medium bombers	300 m p h
For fighting planes upwards of	425 m p h

Already the progress in air speed has been astounding. In 1925 it was 155 m p h for fighting planes, and now it has reached almost double that figure.

A speed of 300 miles means that an invasion by aeroplanes is for practical purposes instantaneous; it gives to the attack all the advantage of surprise.

In Madrid

Civil war is a great leveller; necessity sees to that; but a bank manager in Madrid was perturbed to break in upon a homely scene in his boiler-room.

Wood was being chopped into a cooking-stove, children were crawling about the floor, hens were roosting on the pipes, mattresses were ranged along the wall. He was greeted cordially and a stool was placed for him.

The basement of another house was requisitioned by a family consisting of father, mother, five children, grandmother, mule, cart, sheep, goat, dogs, chickens. Then the father was killed by a bomb, the dogs, goat, and chickens were slain for food, the sheep and the mule were sold, the eldest boy joined the militia and took away the cart with him. The mother, the youngsters, and the grannie remain destitute.

These stories can be multiplied a hundredfold, and winter comes on.

"It's just like the one I drive"
—SAYS DRIVER CLARKE

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Go to your dealer to-day and ask him to show you all these wonderful Hornby Trains and Accessories.

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HORNBY TRAINS

HANDS UP!

Short Story
By Christopher Beck

CHAPTER 1

So This is Florida!

THE weather was lovely, the car ran like silk over a perfect road, and among the pine trees which bordered the road stood picturesque houses with lovely gardens. Such being the case, it seemed odd that two of the three boys who were in the car were scowling savagely at their surroundings.

These two were brothers, the elder, Dave Burney, being 17, while Jock was three years younger. The third boy, who was driving, was an American, Lester B. Quin. He was the same age as Dave, a pleasant-faced young fellow in a smart suit of pale grey flannel.

The road went on and on. They passed other cars with well-dressed people in them. The houses and gardens gave place to fields of celery, lettuce, and other vegetables, then the road ran beside a lake where some men were fishing in a boat fitted with an outboard motor. A little farther on was a bathing-place with a green lawn sloping to the water and a tea-house behind it.

Jock Burney blew up. "So this is Florida!" he said in a tone of bitter sarcasm.

Lester Quin was so startled that he very nearly ran the car into the ditch. He slowed down.

"Of course it's Florida!" he answered sharply. "What's the matter with it?"

"Why, it's as civilised as England," said Jock in disgust. "At school you were always talking about alligators and rattlesnakes and great swamps and runaway Negroes. We've been here two days and we haven't seen so much as a grass snake. All the Negroes dress like white men, and the whole country is nothing but houses and gardens. And look at that tea-house. Why, we might be at Bourne-mouth!"

"Jock's right," put in Dave. "It's all terribly civilised. You could see more wild animals in the New Forest than we've seen in Florida. I don't want to seem ungrateful, Lester, but we didn't come out here to drive along pretty roads and go to picnics and parties."

Lester pulled up by the roadside, turned and faced the others.

"You chaps have got it all wrong. I've been showing you the civilised side of Florida first. The swamps are there all right, and the snakes and the gators."

"And the runaway Negroes?" Jock asked eagerly.

"I guess so," said Lester. "Now, see here. We've got the Rutherfords' party tomorrow, but next day I'll take you down into the Kaliga Swamp. That'll show you the other side all right."

"Fine!" said Jock.

It is time to explain a little. Dave and Jock Burney were at St Osyth, the big school on the South Downs, and his parents, who were wealthy, had sent Lester there because they thought it would be good for him. Lester was a likeable boy and had made great friends with the two Burneys. He had asked them out to spend the Christmas holidays in Florida, and, thanks to the generosity of their rich uncle, Louis Burney, the boys had been able to go. When our story begins they had been at Pinelake in South Florida for two days, and with every hour had been growing more bitterly disappointed. Lester, you see, had talked a lot about the wild life in Florida, and they had never dreamed of finding everything, except the climate, so like England. Actually the Quins' home was a much finer house than the Burneys' own place in Wiltshire.

Lester was as good as his word. On the second morning after Jock's outburst he loaded a hamper of food into his car and drove off in a new direction. The tarred road faded into a rough track, and they found themselves bumping through flat woods where scattered pines grew among clumps of saw palmetto. Then ahead of them they saw a great wall of dark cypress trees, and presently pulled up on the edge of a bayou where a stout flat-bottomed boat lay moored.

Leaving the car in a patch of black-jack oak trees, they loaded the hamper into the boat and started. There were oars in the boat and they rowed for a while; then the bayou narrowed to a creek; they shipped the oars and got out paddles. The boat drove on down a narrow, deep channel of brown water with huge cypress trees meeting overhead and cutting out all sight of the sky. Immense trails of grey Spanish moss hung from the branches. On the great

buttressed roots of the cypresses turtles sat, and plopped into the water as the boat approached. Now and then a limpkin flattered across with a harsh scream.

"There's a snake," Lester said, and pointed to a loathsome-looking water moccasin, short and bloated, which lay coiled on a patch of mud.

"I see," said Jock, who was taking it all in; "but where are the alligators?"

Just then the boat ran into a raft of water-lettuce, a floating wad which blocked the channel. They had to hack through it with a brush hook. It smelt horribly and clouds of great grey mosquitoes rose from it and bit savagely.

Suddenly the weeds heaved, a huge scaly tail rose to fall with a crash, just missed the boat, and sent spray flying all over the three boys. The boat heeled and Jock sat down with a bump.

"An alligator!" he gasped.

"Sure!" said Lester triumphantly.

"Lucky he didn't hit the boat."

Jock picked himself up.

"This is fine!" he declared. "This is more like what Dave and I expected. Are there any runaway Negroes in this swamp, Lester?"

"I reckon so. If there are any they'll be around the only shingle cutter's camp. But it ain't safe to meddle with them."

"Jock's eyes were bright.

"Are we going to the camp?"

"We'll go along past it."

"Let's land," said Dave. And added, "The three of us can surely tackle any black fellows."

Lester looked doubtful.

"They're plumb dangerous," he said.

It was nearly midday when they reached a clearing on the left bank. There was a large ruinous shed in the clearing. Part of the roof had fallen. Logs lay about almost hidden by masses of vines and other new growth. In the noonday heat all was breathlessly quiet.

"Is that the camp?" Jock asked eagerly.

"That's the camp," said Lester, "but I reckon we'd better give it a miss."

"Nonsense!" cried the brothers in one breath. "Let's land and lunch there."

Lester reluctantly agreed. They tied the boat to a snag, lifted out the hamper and carried it up to the shed. There they cleared a space, pulled out planks to sit on, and lighted a smudge fire to keep off the mosquitoes. They set out the food, which included two thermos bottles filled with iced coffee, and began to eat.

The lunch was excellent and all three were sharp set. Even Lester seemed to forget his fears and began to talk of the beasts that lived in the swamp—panthers, bears, wild cat, and deer.

"But they're mighty hard to see," he added. "I've been down here a heap of times and all I ever saw was a deer. But I once heard a panther scream, and, I tell you, it made my blood run cold."

"Ah'll make yo' blood run cold," came a hoarse voice behind them, and, looking round, they saw a big Negro in a ragged shirt and mud-stained trousers holding a huge old-fashioned horse pistol.

"Don't yo' move, any of yo'," he ordered.

"Ah got to have yo' boat."

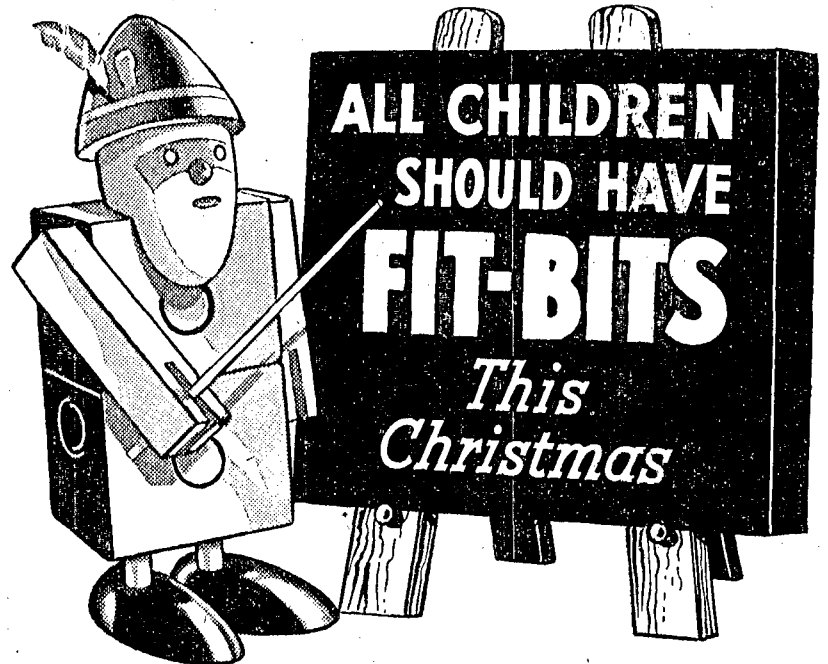
CHAPTER 2

The Boys Act

You have seen a terrier going for a rat. The movement is so swift that the rat is dead before it knows what has happened to it. But even a well-trained terrier could hardly have moved more quickly than Jock. All in one movement he hurled himself at the man's legs and caught him round the ankles.

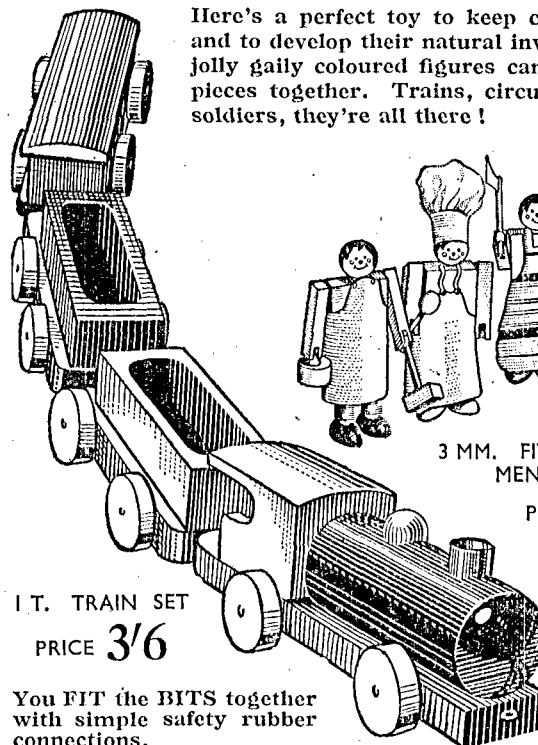
Dave was not much slower. He tackled a bit higher, driving his head into the black man's stomach with such force that

Continued on page 14



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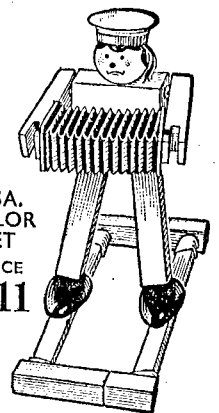
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EVERY OUTFIT
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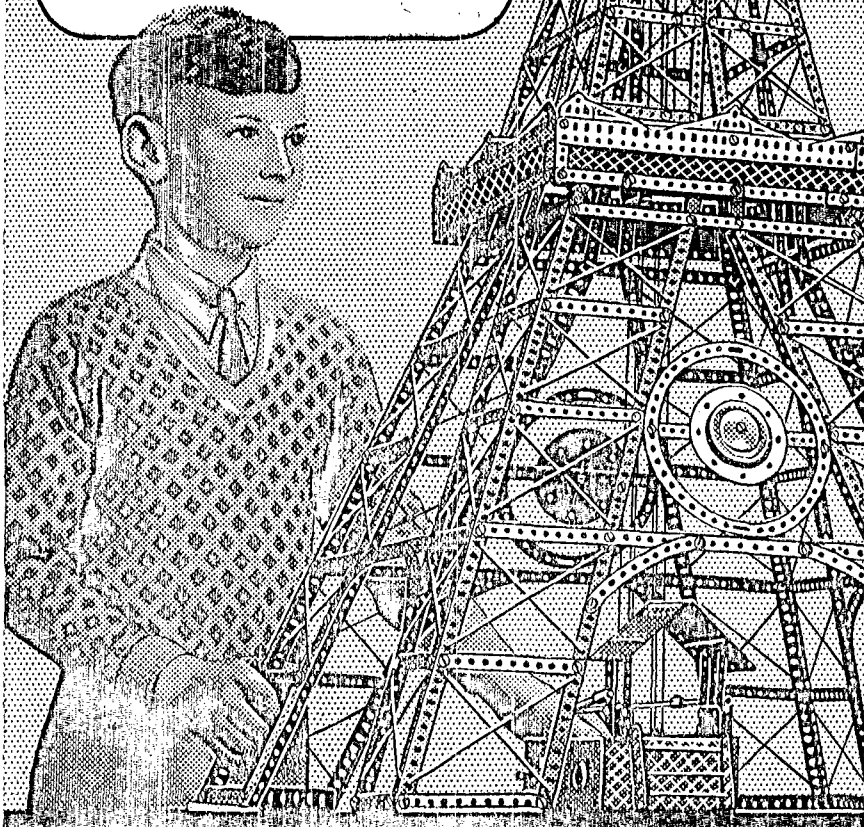
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Continued from page 13

the fellow doubled up. The pistol went off with a mighty roar, but its muzzle was pointing to the sky so its contents did no one any harm. Next instant the Negro was flat on his back, gasping painfully for breath. Came a yell from Lester.

"They've got the boat."

Jock looked up and saw two more black men in the boat. One of them was getting out the oars, the other was untying the rope from the snag.

Jock did not waste an instant. Snatching up the pistol, he ran towards the boat, and, as soon as he got near enough, flung the pistol with all his might at the man who was untying the boat. A splendid shot. It caught him in the chest and bowled him over clean as a nippin. He fell out of the boat, landing with a great splash in the creek. But the rope was already loose, and the other Negro was pushing off with an oar.

It was Lester's turn. Running hard, he passed Jock, gained the bank, and with one mighty leap landed in the boat. The boat rocked under the impact of his weight and the man with the oar lost his balance. He made a desperate attempt to recover himself, failed, and joined his companion in the water. He came up quickly, grasped the gunwale, and tried to climb in.

Lester rapped him across the knuckles with the other oar and, howling with fury, he let go and struggled to the bank. His companion too had gained the bank, and, by the expression in his bloodshot eyes, was full of fight.

But Dave was ready for him and, before he could get his feet firmly, punched him in the jaw and knocked him back into the water. Meantime Lester had pushed the boat back to the bank, and, raising his oar, let it drop on the other man's head with a force that floored him.

This finished it. The two had no more fight left in them.

Jock took thick string from his pocket. "Help me to tie them up, Dave," he said. "You know the dodge. Tie their thumbs together behind their backs. Then they can't do a thing." Dave nodded and the job was done in short order.

Jock gave a sudden exclamation. "What about that first chap?" he asked sharply. "That's all right," Dave said. "Lester has him."

"That's three," said Jock happily. "I say, they look most awful toughs. We ought to get the thanks of the police for this job."

He left the two tied men, and he and Dave went back to the shed, where Lester was talking to the big Negro. The man was not only meek, he was actually in tears.

"I tell yo', Marse Lester, I nebber knowed a thing about dem oder Niggers. And I nebber did reckon to take on two wild cats like dem British boys. I'm hurt. I'm hurt bad. I'm bruised all ober. I'd ought to hab fifty dollars for dis here job 'stead of five."

"What on earth is he talking about?" Jock asked in amazement. "What's this job he's talking about and who's paying him?"

Lester got very red and did not answer. The Negro did it for him.

"You lissen, gem'men," he said. "I works for Marse Lester's pa, and Marse Lester, he say to me, dem English boys, dey wants to hab adventures, so yo' go into de swamp and wait till we come along. He gib me dat old pistol and say yo' hold dem up and take de boat. Den Marse Lester, he gwine to pay ransom, and I leab de boat and go off in de swamp where I got 'nother boat hid. Dat's how it were gwine to be."

He stopped, and there was dead silence while the two Burneys stared at Lester. Lester looked desperately unhappy. Suddenly he burst out.

"It's all true, you fellows. It's just as Scipio says. I fixed the whole thing up to give you a bit of excitement. Now I guess neither of you will ever speak to me again."

Jock frowned.

"But what about these other two men?" he asked, pointing to the prisoners.

"Dey's bad men," said Scipio quickly. "Dey's prisoners escaped from de road gang. I knows dem both, and I tell yo' dey would steal de close off'n your back."

And what'll happen to them now?" Dave asked.

"Yo' will get de reward fo' catching dem. It's a hundred dollars for each ob dem."

"That's forty pounds," said Jock. He turned to his brother. "We've had our adventure, Dave, and we're going to be paid for it. And, anyhow, Lester meant well."

Dave burst out laughing.

"It's all right, Lester," he said. "We forgive you. Let's pack up and take these beggars back where they belong."

Lester's face showed his relief. "I knew you chaps were white men," he said. "Let's be going."

JACKO STARTS THE CHORUS

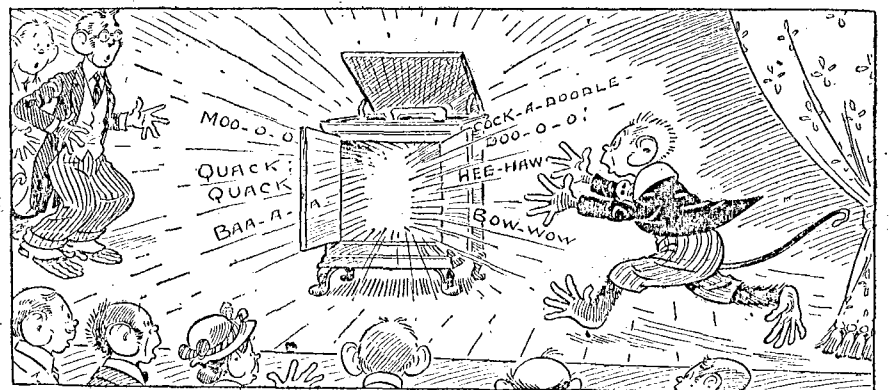
JACKO marched into the gramophone shop one day. "I want that record about the Teddy Bear's Picnic, please," he said.

"Sold out," snapped Mr Rattle. "I'm having a big enough picnic myself," he grumbled. "The lad's away and I'm up to the eyes in work. Suppose you wouldn't like to stop and earn a trifle?" he added, eyeing Jacko doubtfully.

Jacko soon did the errand and came back again for some more jobs. When tea-time came he scampered home with a shilling in his pocket and two tickets for the Hospital Social.

It was a proud boy who escorted his mother to the Town Hall that night.

Jacko beamed when Dr Pippin's speech was announced, and eagerly watched them putting on the record.



Jacko leapt on to the platform

Jacko was delighted; and he was soon busy dusting round and sorting out piles of records. Among them was a farmyard one which he badly wanted to try. He ventured to put it on when the shopman hopped outside to speak to someone, but quickly switched it off again when he came bustling back.

"Here, my lad," cried Mr Rattle, popping a record down beside him. "Finish that job and then take this to the Town Hall. It's Dr Pippin's speech for the Hospital Social tonight. Can't be there himself so he's made a record of his remarks."

Suddenly his grin faded. People gaped at one another. Instead of the doctor's cheery voice they could only hear grunts! Then followed a regular pandemonium. Turkeys gobbling, cockerels crowing, and cows and dogs joining lustily in the chorus!

Jacko's face went scarlet. "Gosh!" he groaned. "If I haven't brought that farmyard in mistake!"

Nearly scaring Mother Jacko out of her wits, he leapt on to the platform and switched off the gramophone. The next second he had vanished—and the record with him!

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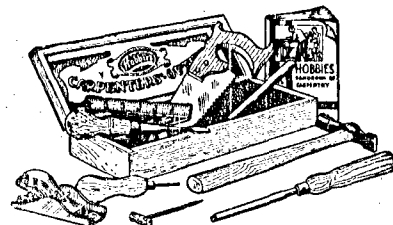
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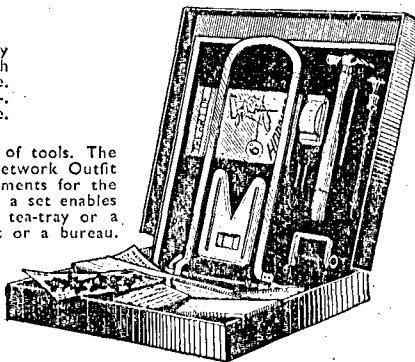


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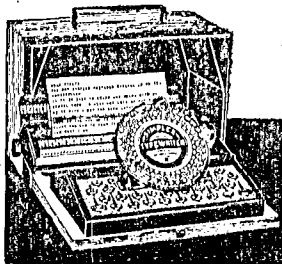
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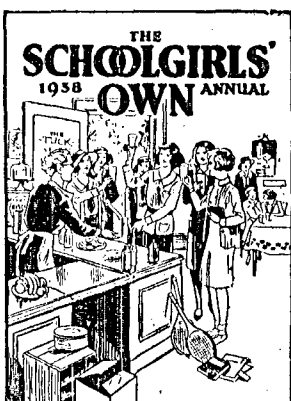
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1 (P), Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Christmas Gift Books for Girls and Boys



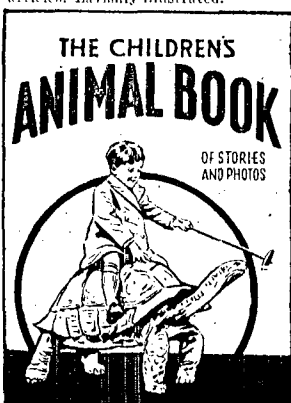
Without rival for stories and articles with a modern appeal. 2 colour plates, many photographs and drawings. 6/-



For girls from 9 to 15. Packed with school and adventure tales, also fascinating articles. Lavishly illustrated. 6/-



A 192-page book of air, land and sea thrills which not only grip but are TRUE. 2 colour plates. 5/-



For boys and girls of all ages, crammed with fascinating stories and articles about animals. 140 photos. 3/6

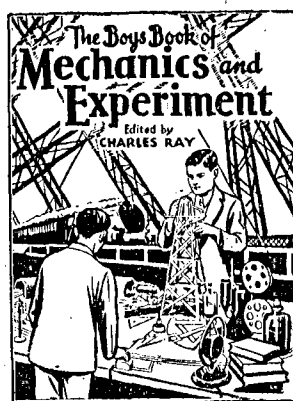
YOU can depend on a book as a Christmas present that is sure to interest you, and you cannot better this selection, which is produced by the biggest publishers of children's literature in the world, and written and illustrated by authors and artists who know exactly what you like.

Some of the Annuals are packed with fascinating articles on how to make and do, others are full of exciting and amusing stories; some, for younger folk, contain funny drawings, pretty verse, puzzles and games.

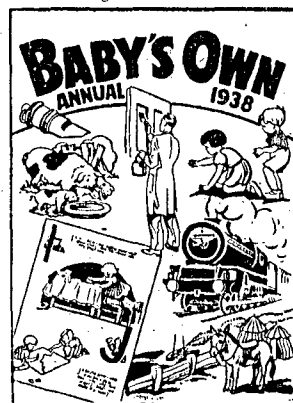
At all Newsagents and Booksellers



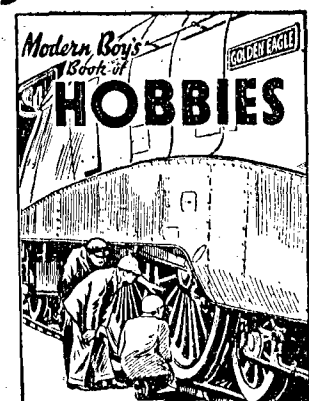
For schoolgirls up to fifteen. Illustrated stories of school and adventure, home life and mystery. 3/6



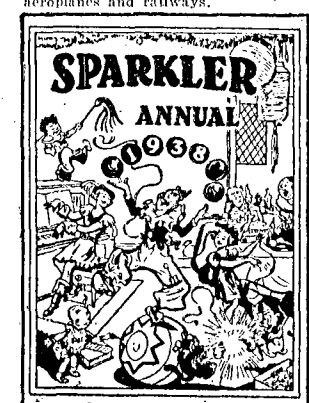
A magnificently illustrated book dealing with all kinds of machinery, experiments and working models. 6/-



The finest picture book for babies. In colours throughout, with pictures to paint. Ideal for 2- to 6-year-olds. 2/6



A wonderful new book dealing with wireless, stamp collecting, sports hints, model aeroplanes and railways. 6/-



A jolly gift book that will provide hours of delight for all boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 14. 2/6

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 11, 1937 Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

CAN YOU FIND FATHER CHRISTMAS?

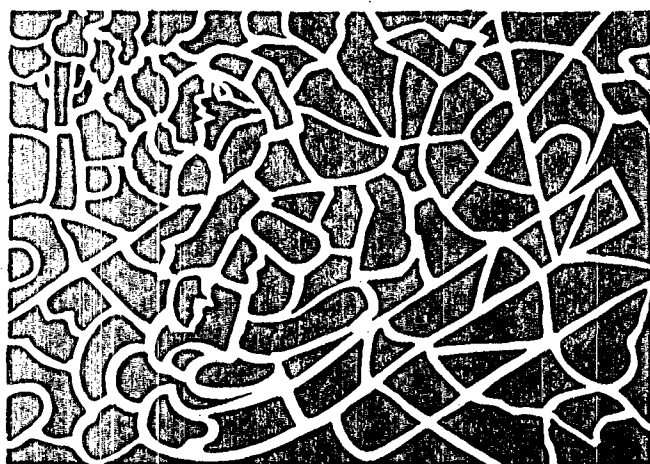
Money, Boxes of Chocolate, and Christmas Cakes as Prizes

HIDDEN among the maze of white lines is a picture showing Father Christmas on his yearly errand.

Can you black out with paint or ink a number of these white lines and leave the scene clearly shown? There is something in Father Christmas's bag for the senders of the best attempts.

Two prizes of ten shillings each and ten other prizes are offered. Winners of the ten prizes have the choice of a large iced cake or one of Cadbury's five-shilling Chocolate Selection Boxes.

Paste your attempt on a postcard, add your name, address, and age, and state whether you prefer the cake or the chocolate box. Address the card to C N Competition Number 41, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), and



post it to arrive not later than first delivery on Wednesday, December 15. Prizes will be sent in plenty of time to reach winners before Christmas.

This competition is open to girls and boys of 15 or under, and age will be taken into account when judging. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision will be final.

THE BRAN TUB

Who is it!

TAKE a bird and an insect,
Put nothing between,
And a man with much patience
At once will be seen.

Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français



Un oeuf Le petit déjeuner Le lard
egg breakfast bacon

Qu'y a-t-il aujourd'hui pour le petit déjeuner? Des oeufs au lard et des petits pains tout chauds.

What is there for breakfast today? Eggs and bacon and hot rolls.

What Happened on Your Birthday

- Dec. 12, Robert Browning died 1889
13, Drake set off on his voyage round the world 1577
14, George Washington died 1799
15, Izaak Walton died 1683
16, Boston Tea Party 1773
17, Sir Humphry Davy born 1778
18, Parliament made the Great Protestation 1621

A Spell of Spelling

TIS plain that no one takes a plane
To pare a pair of pears;
A rake may often take a rake
To tear away the tares.

Can You Read This?

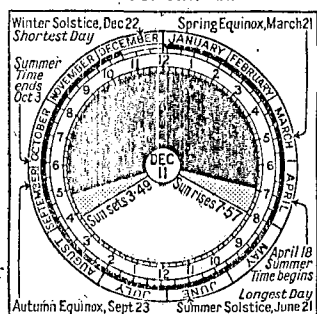
CAPTAIN BBBB led his CCCC in2 the DWDESDTD and fed them on cold POTOOOOOOO.

Answer next week

This Week in Nature

A RARE winter visitor to these shores which may now be seen is the Greenland falcon. Like the more familiar kind of falcons, it is very fierce when attacking its prey. The plumage of the Greenland falcon is white spotted with black.

The C N Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on December 11. The days are now getting shorter. The uncompleted portion of the thin black circle shows at a glance how much of the year remains.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Jupiter are in the south-west. Saturn is west of south, and Uranus in the south. In the morning Venus is low in the south-east. The picture shows the moon at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, December 14.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Jumbled London Streets. Knights-bridge, Aldwych, Haymarket, Cheap-side, Oxford Street, Whitehall.
Flower Anagrams. Anemone, violet, mignonette, aster, sweet-pea, gardenia, hyacinth.

Can You Read the Verse?

Read the verse quickly and the sounds will give you this verse:
A haunt each mermaid knows,
By seas where all grow tails;
Here children sport in rows
Secure 'gainst eels and whales.
Some swim their yellow hair,
Some swim through silent bays;
So forms and faces fair
Shine ever nights and days.

The C N Cross Word Puzzle

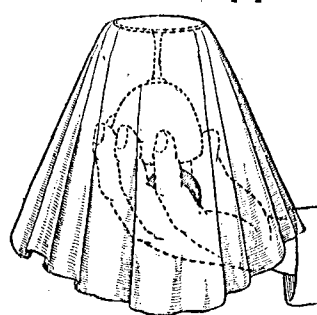
MYRIAD STRAIT
O ANT FREAT E
US CEILING PA
SICH SAT EWER
ELL ALTER RAS
KEDGE MERIT
S ARAM VATIC
PUN INANE ERA
ASSENT STOREY

The Mystery of the Disappearing Golf Ball

THIS is an effective little trick for the boy conjurer to perform.

A marked golf ball disappears from a wineglass and is found in the conjurer's pocket, which he has previously shown to be empty.

The trick is performed entirely with unprepared objects. Ask a member of the audience to mark the ball and examine the wineglass. Drop the ball into the glass, which you hold by the bowl in your right hand. Now throw a large handkerchief over the glass. As the glass is covered quickly turn it upside-down. The bottom of the glass, being about the same size as the top, forms a shape under the handkerchief exactly as if the glass had been covered in the ordinary way. Now take the covered glass with the left hand, holding it outside the covering handker-



The wineglass reversed under the handkerchief

chief, and stand it on the table. The marked ball naturally remains in your right hand, where you conceal it by slightly curling the fingers—a quite natural position.

Put your right hand into your trouser pocket and turn the pocket inside out to prove it empty. In doing this you will find it quite easy to push the ball up into the top corner of the pocket, where it will

remain hidden. You can then show your hand empty as well as the pocket. Turn the pocket the right way again, show your hands empty, and pick up the covered glass. Put your right hand under the covering handkerchief and hold the bowl of the glass lightly between thumb and fingers. As you draw off the handkerchief with your other hand allow the glass to swing round so that it is right way up as it comes into view.

The glass will be found to be empty.

Where has the ball gone? With a pretence of great surprise the conjurer finds it in the pocket which had previously been shown to be empty. And, moreover, it will be seen by the mark that it is the same ball and not a duplicate, as so often happens in conjuring tricks.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Other Boy

ROBIN sat at the back of the car staring through the window. In front his mother and father chatted to one another, turning occasionally to see that he was all right and happy.

Presently another car, with another little boy sitting in the back, overtook them. Robin stared hard as it passed, and he saw the other child looking intently at him; but he made no remark, for he did not easily say what he felt and no one knew how often he longed to be with other children.

Robin and his parents were touring in Scotland on a rather lonely road, and an hour or so later they stopped at an inn for lunch.

There, to Robin's great delight, was the boy from the car which had passed them.

After lunch Robin was standing by their car when the other boy came out too and walked straight over to him.

"Hello!" he said; and Robin answered eagerly, "Hello! I saw you pass us on the road."

"Yes, I saw you too. Where're you going?"

"We're going north. Are you an only child?"

"I've got a big sister, but it doesn't make much difference. Your car's the same as ours; did you notice?"

"Yes, of course. Where are you going to stay tonight?"

And then they found that very probably they would stop again at the same place, and they had just arranged to wave if they passed again when Robin was called away.

For the next hour or two nothing special happened, and then, just as it was beginning to grow dark, something went wrong with the engine of the car and she refused to go any farther.

For a long while Robin's father tried to put it right, but at last he owned himself beaten and said they would have to leave it and walk on, trusting to luck.

It was then that Robin came into the business.

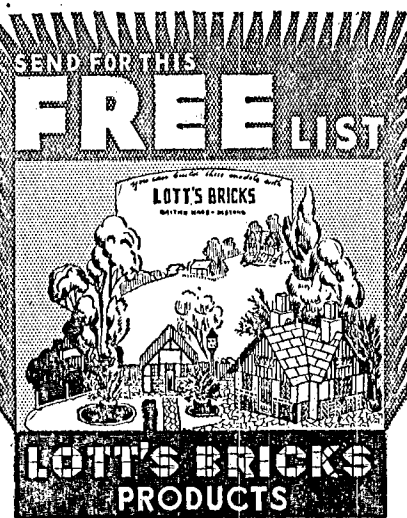
"No, Daddy, no," he pleaded, "don't let's leave the car, because another will catch us up presently."

And he told them all he had learnt from the other boy.

At first his father was most unwilling to wait, but Robin begged so hard that at last his daddy agreed.

Sure enough, very soon the other car came up, just as he had said it would, and it towed them to the next hotel.

Robin and the other little boy actually slept that night in the same bedroom, and there began for them both a very happy friendship.



A LIST OF WONDERFUL XMAS PRESENTS

for Boys and Girls of all ages—toys that will hold for years to come the interest of all youngsters who know good toys when they see them! All bright children love BUILDING—CONSTRUCTING—EXPERIMENTING. The List contains LOTT'S BRICKS Sets from 1/6 to 30/-; the new Tudor Blocks, 3/- to 21/-; Chemistry Sets, 3/6 to 5 gns.; Electricity and Model Lighting Sets, 2/6 to 30/-. Doll's Hospital Outfits (for the girls), 3/6 to 10/6. Post this coupon (in 1d. unsealed envelope) today, or ask your Dealer to show you these fascinating toys made by

LOTT'S BRICKS LTD.
WATFORD, HERTS.

Please send me list of all Lott's Bricks Products.

Name.....

Address.....

C.N. 11.12

Do you sympathise with little crippled children?

A hundred so afflicted are in this Hospital. Will you please send as much as you can for your little suffering brothers and sisters? Address The Secretary,

Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease

Office: 107 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

A common cause of restlessness in children is constipation. When a child's system is full of poisonous, fermenting waste-matter natural rest is impossible.

The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is a pure fruit laxative. It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean. Once a child has got rid of all that disagreeable sour matter that has been upsetting him he sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Ask yourself if your child is hampered by poison spreading from an unhealthy, clogged system. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' will make him sweet-tempered and happy in a very few hours.

Remember—a child should never miss a day, and to ensure this regularity many mothers find there is nothing better than a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is recommended by doctors and nurses. Get a bottle of this safe laxative today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6 with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.